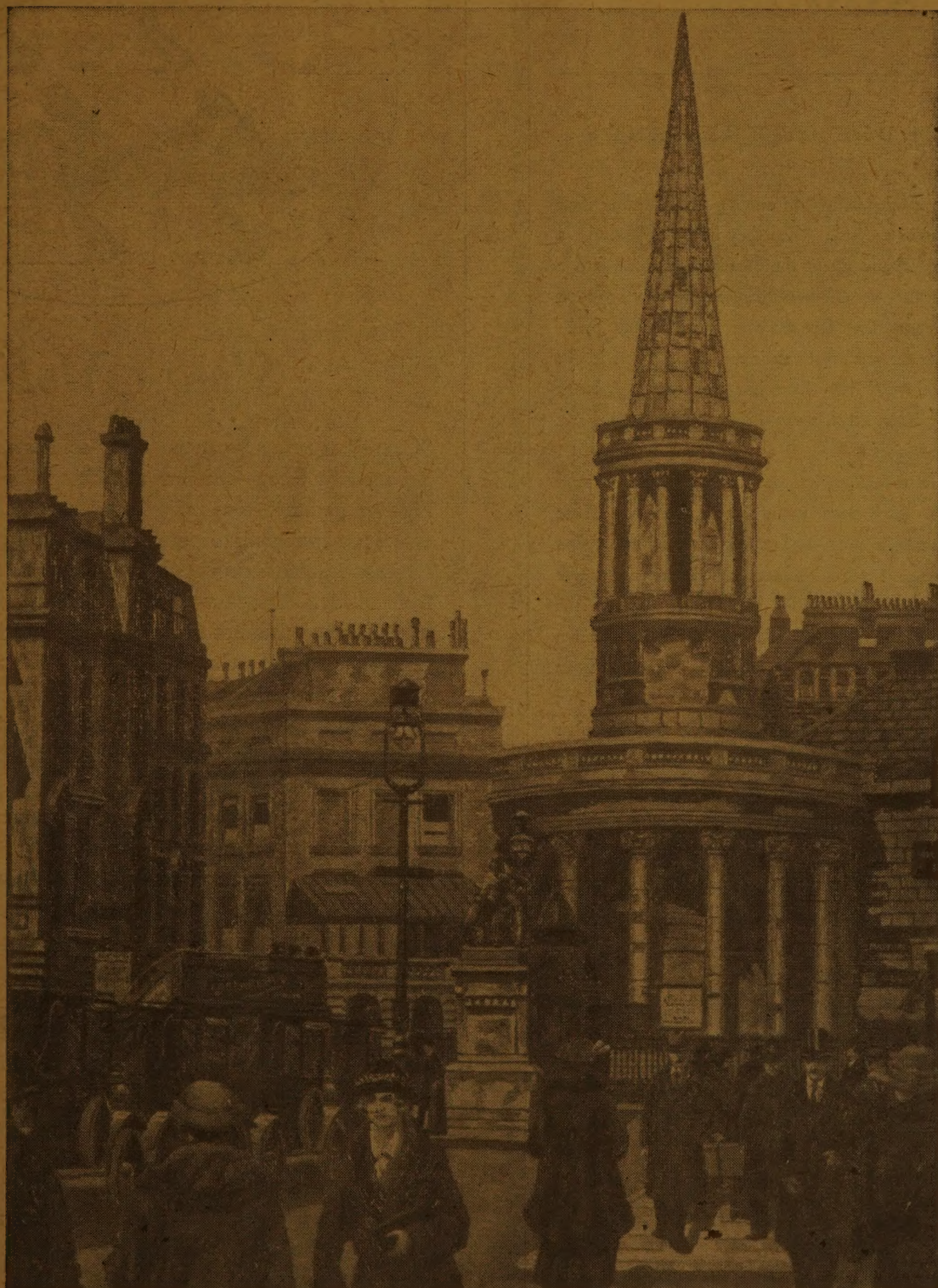


The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



'All Souls, Langham Place' (c. 1910), by Charles Ginner, now on exhibition at the Redfern Gallery, London

In this number:

American Capitalism and Democracy (Carl A. Auerbach)

'We Intend to Stay Together' (Bishop of Chichester)

Charles Churchill, an Eighteenth-century Satirist (Douglas Grant)

AUGUST

THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS

Some try to do it by standing on one leg and wiggling their spare foot about in the sea. Then they hop, ponderously, a yard or two inland and thrust the foot thus purified into a sock. Provided they do not lose their balance they are soon half-shod. But now they face the even more delicate problem of removing the sand from their remaining toes without wetting the foot which they have just accoutred. A ballet dancer could do it, an acrobat could do it on his head. The average holiday-maker fails.

A more sultanic technique is favoured by those who send small children to fetch water in their little buckets. These citizens carry out their ablutions in comparative comfort; but the buckets represent what planners call an administrative bottleneck, and sometimes, when the tide is out and the children are fractious, this formula will not work. Even when it does, there are still deposits to be removed from between the children's toes.

We are a maritime nation, the heirs of Drake and Frobisher and Nelson. The sea, we are often loosely but emphatically told, is in our blood. How is it, that down the centuries, we have never evolved a satisfactory method of extricating ourselves from this small predicament? Of what flaw in our national character is this failure a symptom? No one knows, and regrettably few care.



The Midland Bank prides itself on the help it gives to its customers. Yet it confesses with regret that, among all the many services which the Bank provides for holiday-makers, there is none which solves this riddle of the sands.

MIDLAND BANK



Slow Motion

"CREEP" IS NOT A WORD normally associated with jet propulsion. Yet metallic creep—the slow stretching of a metal under stress at high temperature—is a major problem in jet engine design, and it enters increasingly into many branches of engineering. Creep can increase the diameter of hot steam pipes under the constant pressure from inside. The fast-spinning rotor of an electricity generator may, if it becomes hot enough, distort under the creep caused by centrifugal force. Unless this has been taken into account in designing the generator, its rotor may ultimately foul the generator's shell. Even at ordinary temperatures, lead creeps at quite low stresses and unless appropriate steps are taken, lead sheeting can flow slowly down a roof.

To provide much-needed information on creep, I.C.I. have built a special testing station at Witton, near Birmingham. At this I.C.I. station, the latest techniques are being used to record the changes in metals under stress at various temperatures and over very long periods. The tests are carried out on sixty machines. Metal testpieces clamped between steel jaws may be loaded as required up to 30 tons per square inch, while the test temperature, which may be as high as 1000°C, can be maintained for years on end. Special instruments can detect length increases as small as one fifty-thousandth of an inch in the test-pieces. Air conditioning keeps the windowless building at a steady 67°F. night and day. Humidity is controlled. To minimise vibration, the testing machines are mounted in concrete rafts independent of the building foundations. Tests carried out in this I.C.I. research station are providing invaluable information on metallic creep, needed by the designers and engineers who are building I.C.I.'s great new plants and factories, and by the users of the wrought non-ferrous metals marketed by I.C.I.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

American Capitalism and Democracy (Carl A. Auerbach) ...	195
Industrialising the Deep South (David Keir) ...	197
The Economic Prospects of Israel (Z. Y. Hershlag) ...	198
Problems of Social Development (Raymond Firth) ...	200
The Hydrogen Bomb (Sir Llewellyn Woodward) ...	207

THE LISTENER:

Not Cricket ...	202
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	202

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

Royal Horticultural Society (The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon) ...	203
King James I and the Overbury Murder (Christopher Serpell) ...	203
Sculptor of Eros (Adrian Bury) ...	204
A Slap and a Kiss (Mervyn Jones) ...	204

ARCHAEOLOGY:

Magic Island-Sanctuaries of the Mediterranean (Stuart Piggott) ...	205
--	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	210
--	-----

RELIGION:

'We Intend to Stay Together' (The Bishop of Chichester) ...	212
---	-----

BIOGRAPHY:

Charles Churchill, an Eighteenth-century Satirist (Douglas Grant) ...	214
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Professor Michael Polanyi, L. Rose, Olwen Battersby, W. S. Cormack, Professor J. F. Allen, Lord Brabazon of Tara, and A. H. Roth ...	216
---	-----

ART:

Three Art Galleries (pictures) ...	218
------------------------------------	-----

LITERATURE:

The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	219
New Novels (Idris Parry) ...	222

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	223
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	223
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	224
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	225
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	225

MUSIC:

Gasparo Spontini (Winton Dean) ...	226
------------------------------------	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	227
-----------------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	227
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,266 ...	227
-------------------------	-----

American Capitalism and Democracy

By CARL A. AUERBACH

I AM often surprised to find that the United States is still regarded as the last stronghold of traditional capitalism in the world today, in spite of what has been happening there during the past two decades. The twenty years of the Roosevelt New Deal and the Truman Fair Deal have witnessed a bloodless social revolution that has achieved a tolerable measure of social justice. This revolution has brought about a more equal distribution of a rapidly growing national income. Today, income is distributed about as equally in my country as in yours. Neither the Soviet Union nor any of its satellites can match the achievements of our countries in this respect.

The continued growth of the American economy, the greater equality in the distribution of income and the wide opportunities for education, together with many factors having nothing to do with the virtue of American institutions, have combined to maintain the traditional looseness of social stratification in the United States and the mobility between the different social groups. The American is still judged on the basis of what he is and not what his father was. America is still a land of opportunity where, it is being said, a man can start out digging ditches and wind up behind a desk—if he doesn't mind the pay cut! In short, I would agree with Talcott Parsons that while the United States 'is by no means a "classless" society . . . among class societies, it is a distinctive type'. There is little evidence in the United States of a hereditary plutocracy, both because our capitalists started virtually from scratch and because our income-tax laws make it increasingly difficult to maintain fortunes intact from generation to generation. In addition, the divorce of ownership from management of large, corporate enterprise has had the consequence of divorcing the inheritance of wealth and social position from the inheritance of economic power. And there is no sign of a hereditary managerial *élite*.

The efficient and equitable performance of American capitalism in recent years cannot be attributed, as the typical American businessman and publicist usually attribute it, to a system of competitive, private enterprise, free of state interference. Whether or not the *laissez-faire*

society envisaged by the nineteenth-century philosophers of individualism ever existed, the economic order which they presupposed does not exist today in the United States. Concentration, not competition, characterises the American economy. The typical American industry consists of a few large firms responsible for most of the output and a number of small ones accounting for the rest. None of the checks assumed by the classical economists to compel economic efficiency and at the same time prevent the concentration of economic power is present in these circumstances. Why, then, has American capitalism functioned so well?

Reinhold Niebuhr and J. K. Galbraith, to whose writings I am deeply indebted, have attempted to answer this question. 'The justice we have established in our society', Niebuhr has reminded his fellow-Americans, 'has been achieved, not by pure individualism, but by collective action'. Our collectivism has not been of the sort traditionally associated with socialist doctrine. It has taken two forms. In the first place, it has involved the voluntary association of people to further their common economic interests in opposition to existing centres of private economic power. In this way, as Professor Galbraith has shown, countervailing power has been developed to replace competition as a restraint upon the exercise of original economic power. And, secondly, the political power of the state has been used to encourage these voluntary associations and, where necessary to achieve justice, to control and offset private economic power by law.

American experience in the twentieth century, like British experience, has demonstrated the fallacy of the marxist dogma that political power will always be the tool of economic power—that the state will always be the executive committee of the ruling class. This underestimation of the force of political democracy lies at the root of the marxist misconception of the nature of American capitalism. For political democracy has ensured a distribution of power—and by that I mean decision making—which has prevented any group in American society from having the sole 'say'.

I should like here to illustrate the role of countervailing power and of the state in the United States. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the farmers organised themselves politically in an effort to curb the industrial monopolies which were exploiting them. To this end, the Granger movement which they created forced the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887 and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in 1890. In retrospect, one must only conclude that the Anti-Trust Act has failed of its prime objective. It has not restored the competitive order. And the maze of regulation to which the logic of enforcing competition by law has led may be defeating its avowed purpose.

The Interstate Commerce Act initiated the policy, which still prevails, of subjecting the 'public utility' industries—those furnishing the light, heat, power, water, transportation, and communications—to legal control of the prices they charge and the quality and quantity of the services they render. At first, regulation was justified on the ground that these industries were monopolistic. Since the Great Depression of the nineteen-thirties, however, this type of regulation has also been applied to prevent too much or 'cut-throat' competition from producing socially undesirable results. But, I should add, this regulation does not reach private economic power in many vital areas of the American economy.

Farmers have been more successful in creating countervailing power than in their efforts to break up existing industrial concentrations. Buying and selling co-operatives have been organised to enable farmers to attain a more equal bargaining position *vis-à-vis* the monopolistic companies from which they buy and to which they sell. But only the buying co-operatives have succeeded. The selling co-operatives had no way of restraining individual members who chose to bypass them. Farmers as sellers remained in an unsatisfactory position until the New Deal support price programmes were launched.

U.S. Trade Union Movement

The American trade union movement is a second vital centre of countervailing power in the United States. It was legitimised only after long and arduous struggle, and the history of this struggle reveals the important role political power played in overcoming the resistance to unionisation by powerful business interests. By 1933, as a result of the depression, trade union membership was at an all-time low. The New Deal repaid the support of the urban masses by passing the famous Wagner Act, which recognised the trade unions as essential institutions in a democracy and encouraged their growth. Between 1935 and 1938, trade union membership doubled, reaching an all-time high of 8,000,000. The period of the second world war saw the further growth of trade unions which was again spurred by the support of government war-time agencies. Today, 16,000,000 men and women are enrolled in the American trade union movement, or about one-third of the potential membership.

It may be a sign of progress that the debate now raging over the Taft-Hartley Act is on the question whether the trade unions are now so powerful that they too must be controlled by law. In any case, our Government regulates labour-management relations to an extent unknown in this country. In spite of, or because of, this, the American trade union movement has forced the giants of American industry to share the fruits of their economic power with labour. And, even more important, the trade union movement has given the worker a sense of community and status of which the impersonal nature of modern industrial society threatened to deprive him.

Not every group in the United States sharing common economic interests has developed sufficient strength to be able to take care of itself. But government in the past twenty years has tended to step in to protect weaker groups directly by law. The most significant intervention of government in the United States, as in Britain, has been to assure every individual the minimum standards of a decent life. This is the aim of our social security system which, while not as comprehensive as your 'cradle-to-the-grave' programme, nevertheless includes workmen's compensation and disability insurance, unemployment insurance, old age survivors' insurance, and special programmes of old age assistance, aid to dependent children, and general assistance to the needy. This is the aim, too, of state and federal laws which fix minimum wages and maximum hours and abolish child labour; of the price support programmes for agricultural commodities, the Federal Crop Insurance Act, and the rural electrification programme, which has electrified eight out of every ten farms in the United States.

Government, too, has had to intervene to fulfil the American promise of equal justice under the law for all citizens. It is encouraging to

report that much has been done in recent years to combat racial discrimination in the United States. Political rights for the Negro have been won, and other liberating consequences will follow from this great achievement. Only five states still impose a poll tax, and in these five an increasing number of Negroes is paying the tax and voting. In 1948, only 750,000 Negroes were registered to vote in the southern states; in 1952 this figure rose to one and a third million, and it is expected to rise to three million by 1956. Our courts in recent years have acted magnificently in protecting the political and civil rights of Negroes. They have thwarted all attempts to disfranchise the Negro. And, only last May, the Supreme Court rendered its unanimous judgement outlawing racial segregation in our state-supported schools. While it will undoubtedly take time and a great deal of further effort to translate this pronouncement into reality, let no one doubt the eventual outcome. Racial segregation in the United States has been doomed. A new emancipation has been proclaimed.

The Negro's Improved Economic Status

The economic status of the Negro, too, has been much improved. Laws prohibiting employers from discriminating against workers on the basis of their race, creed, colour, or nationality now cover about one-fourth of the total population. Between 1940 and 1950, the income of the Negroes increased much more rapidly than the income of white persons. In 1951 our Negro citizens spent eleven and a half billion dollars, which was almost equal to the total national income of Canada.

I am well aware that none of the improvements in the general standard of life, or the shifts in the distribution of income in the direction of equality, of which I have spoken, could have taken place without full employment. I recognise, too, that full employment in the nineteen-forties was assured, first by the war and thereafter by the satisfaction of pent-up consumer demand. But all this does not prove that it will be impossible to maintain full employment in the United States in more normal circumstances. In the past twenty years, many stabilising devices have been built into the economy to make a repetition of the Great Depression highly unlikely—progressive taxes, unemployment insurance, minimum wages, farm support prices, and the insurance of bank deposits. But most important is the fact that we know enough about what needs to be done to make mass unemployment an almost unbelievable phenomenon of the past. If military expenditures are cut, as contemplated by President Eisenhower to the extent of almost seven billion dollars, the cuts can easily be made up, if necessary, by increased public spending for houses, schools, hospitals, roads, and the development of natural resources, and by increased private spending stimulated by tax reductions. We need never again have a depression in the United States. But its avoidance will depend on the will and imagination of the government in power.

Will the Eisenhower Administration have this will and imagination? I cannot conceive that the Republicans will invite the political suicide that another Republican depression would entail. The President has stated, repeatedly, that he is ready to use all the weapons at the disposal of government—including the spending power—to combat any threatened depression. It is significant, too, that the Republican Administration, representing, as it does, the return to political power of the business community, has not sought to repeal a single New Deal or Fair Deal measure. Its budget recommendations, however, show no great enthusiasm for these measures. On the whole, it seems that any further advance in the direction the United States has been travelling in the last twenty years will have to await the outcome of future political struggle. But we shall not be going back very far, either.

Fulfilling the Promise of Democracy

Finally, if we take a longer view and ponder all that has happened since the turn of the century, may we not say that the United States, like Great Britain, has been attempting to fulfil the promise of democracy? Both countries have abandoned 'pure' or *laissez-faire* capitalism. They have also rejected the all-out or Soviet form of collectivism. In these circumstances, the orthodox meanings of the words 'capitalism' and 'socialism' have become misleading. And it is doubtful whether the terms retain any other meanings which make them useful for purposes of either description or analysis. May we not conclude, then, that the tendencies towards social justice in the United Kingdom and in the United States are the products, not of any absolutely ideal economic system or form of ownership, but of the practice of democracy?—*Third Programme*

Industrialising the Deep South

By DAVID KEIR

UNTIL we get there, most of us think of the Deep South as a land of magnolias and moonlight, or Old Man River, perhaps, flowing on for ever with his showboats. Or it may be, since we have seen a good many films, that we picture the Deep South as a land of planters and coloured folk from the cotton fields, playing their banjos or singing Negro spirituals, or fighting the Northern Yankees in the Civil War. Most of us, too, are pleasantly stirred by the old melodious names of the southern states—Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, and the rest.

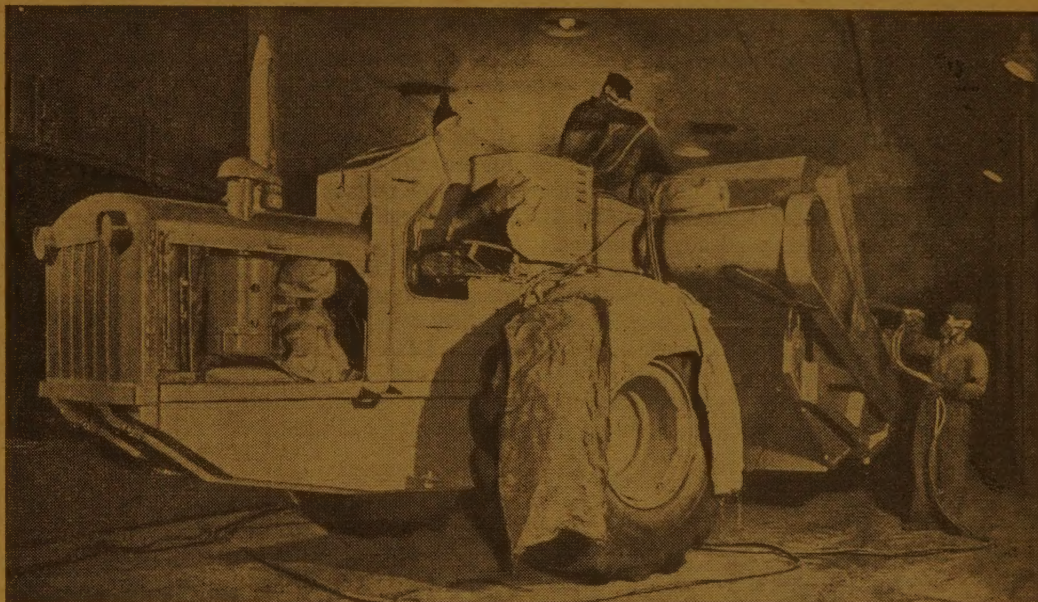
I arrived in Georgia by way of Mexico and Texas—a delightful way of entering the United States. The Texans are friendly and hospitable people. I was the only foreigner on the aircraft from Mexico City, and no one could have had a warmer welcome. The flight from Houston to Atlanta takes only a few hours. But whatever the distance, Atlanta would be worth visiting because it is not only one of the most interesting cities in the United States but may well be one of the great cities of the future. Less than 100 years ago Atlanta's population was about 10,000. Today almost 750,000 people live in its metropolitan area; and the city is growing so rapidly that only two and a half years ago it took in 118 square miles of new territory to give itself more breathing space. So it does look as if Georgia's capital city is developing in much the same way as Glasgow or Manchester did last century, but without the sort of slums and overcrowding which came with our Industrial Revolution.

For it is another industrial revolution that is largely responsible for this startling expansion. As you travel about Georgia, or any other southern state, you see a great many factories that were not there, say, twenty-five or even ten years ago. In 1930, for instance, the value of Georgia's agricultural output—her cotton, tobacco, and farm produce—was greater than that of her industries. Today it is the other way about. There are various reasons for this. The most important is the southward drift of industries which were traditionally centred in the north. There used to be a good deal of textile and light engineering mills in New York State and New Jersey. But during the last two decades many of them have moved south because the cost of living is cheaper, labour costs are often lower, there is less industrial agitation of the irresponsible kind, and southern people are known to be hard-working.

The other main reason why industry is marching through Georgia so fast is a matter of history. Atlanta started in 1837 for one reason only: the terminus of a new railway was established there. It was as simple as that. Then other railway lines began to meet this first line at Atlanta; and soon the young town became an important junction and therefore an important distribution point. By 1860, in fact, four railroads met at Atlanta, and it looked as if the place would soon become a big trading centre. There was certainly great energy among its citizens, for no sooner had it been burned down by the Yankees from the north in the Civil War than it rose again like a phoenix. But that you would expect. Atlanta could never have been, and is not today, a

typical city of the old south with time to spare and that leisurely southern atmosphere of magnolias and moonlight. From the beginning its population consisted of working folk, and the early feel of the place was more that of a tough little frontier town in the west.

Today Atlanta has become a great centre for air transport as well as still being a railway junction. It has about 1,700 factories, and it

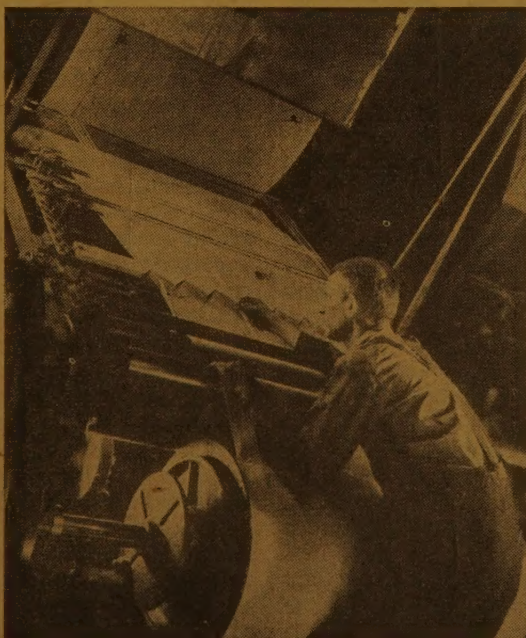


Spraying the final coat of paint on to a giant, diesel-powered earth mover at a plant in Toccoa, Georgia
National Geographic Magazine

is not dominated by any one industrial group, which is obviously a good thing for the city. But even more impressive is the fact that this industrial expansion has come about in an orderly way. Some of the more modern buildings, indeed, are imposing; and in the famous Peach Tree estate Atlanta has laid out for itself one of the most attractive residential districts I have seen anywhere in the world.

As you drive about Peach Tree you notice bright-red cardinal birds, and a bird they call the robin, although it is twice as large as ours. In the gardens which seem to surround every house—and the houses are most attractive—you see masses of pink and white dogwood, red bud trees, and towering green pine-trees. Or you may come to what is known as a Church Zone, where a number of beautiful churches of different denominations are grouped together as if to show that peace and good will can exist even among warring religious sects. But the Georgians are great churchgoers.

I toured this fascinating district with a member of the Peach Tree Golf Club—an enterprise started by Atlanta's hero, the great Bobby Jones himself, who in 1930 made that all-time record—what the Americans call his 'grand slam'—by winning not only the British and American Amateur Championships but the British and American Open Championships as well. The Peach Tree golfers assured me this record will never be equalled. But somehow, as I talked to them, the man himself seemed greater than his sporting achievements or his success as a lawyer. For by cruel luck Bobby Jones, who is still only in his early fifties, has



A textile mill in Georgia: an operator at work with a slashing machine

suffered a crippling ailment which stopped his golf but left him smiling and undaunted, and more esteemed than ever by his fellow townsmen.

But Atlanta has many splendid characters. Some of the Negro attendants in the hotels and clubs, for instance, were men and women of easy humour and quick intelligence. And some were most impressive in their carriage—the kind that Augustus John used to paint so well. But this again is not surprising. In the Deep South you get the American Negroes at their best; and certainly in the places I visited there seemed to be an understanding and a very friendly relationship between the white employer and his coloured staff.

Here let us take a quick peep at a rather intimate aspect of American life. During my stay I spent a week-end at a very nice and friendly home. 'Would you like to see our Super-Market?' said my host on the Friday evening. The American Super-Market is a remarkable institution, as every American woman knows. It makes shopping easy, and thanks to the Super-Market, the American husband has been coerced into the gentle art. He merely goes in through the front door, grabs a wire trolley, and starts walking round. There are no shop assistants. My own host was obviously an old hand. Together we piloted his trolley round, and filled it with dog food, a bottle of olives, face tissues, some jam from Scotland, a lobster from the coast of Maine, and a beef pie. There were other items which I have forgotten. If he had wanted he could easily have added some flower seeds, oil for his automobile, a fresh steak wrapped up in cellophane which weighed two pounds six ounces and cost 1 dollar 75 cents—about 12s. in British money—a bottle of hair tonic, and a flashlight battery.

But he still had to pay. This was easy. As he neared the exit door he found himself alongside a conveyor belt. On this contraption he placed what he had bought, and as the conveyor belt went slightly downhill an observant young lady punched out the cost of each item on a machine. 'Eight dollars fifty seven', she said a few seconds later, and as he handed the money over an assistant was already picking up his purchases and packing them in stout paper bags. Our work had been well done for us.

From Atlanta I drove north to a small town of about 7,000 inhabitants called Toccoa, an Indian name which means 'beautiful', and certainly the town is surrounded by some splendid country not unlike the wooded parts of Perthshire. It is also a perfect illustration of the Deep South's transition from a purely agricultural economy to a mixed economy of industry and the land. Among its industrial plants I visited a thread mill. Outside the works were a great many cars, some of which belonged to mill workers who think nothing of motoring perhaps twenty-five miles to work and then motoring back home again at the end of their shift. I went round with the mill manager, an original who has specialised in the incentive and welfare side of industry without ever losing his originality. As we passed the open windows of one department he suddenly poked his head inside and said: 'You boys had better get cracking in there; the boss is coming!'

Inside, the walls of the mill were covered with slogans which the employees had themselves invented. For example: 'Would you buy what you are sending out?' or 'Is the customer glad that you work here?' There were also strong appeals to the mill workers to observe safety rules. This is a notable feature of life in those parts.

Even in my bedroom at Atlanta there was an extract on the wall from the Laws of Georgia. It read: 'Warning. Don't smoke in bed. To do so endangers the lives of others as well as your own. It's against the law to cause a fire by careless smoking'.

It is also against the law to buy yourself a drink in Toccoa, except perhaps at the private country club. For Stephens County is a dry county. You cannot get a drink, even with your meal, in the Toccoa hotel; and if you want to take a bottle home you have to drive nine miles into South Carolina to get it. There was, I thought, a good deal of motor traffic on that busy road. However, there would be a good deal of traffic anyway. In 1938 the Toccoa thread mill had 125 employees. A year later the number had risen to 750. Today there are 1,100; and a big new mill, with every known amenity for the operatives, is being erected by the same company a few miles away.—*From a talk in the Home Service*

The Economic Prospects of Israel

By Z. Y. HERSHLAG

WITH the establishment of Israel, not only a new state but a new economic entity came into being in the Middle East. Out of the 10,000 square miles of Palestine, 8,000 square miles, including the Negev desert, became Israeli. This meant enormous changes in the character of the population. About 750,000 Arabs took refuge from the Israeli area; and in the course of the last six years an almost equal number of Jewish immigrants has come in. But, superficially at any rate, no great economic change has taken place. The total of the population has remained almost unchanged, since the new immigrants came only in place of the former Arab residents. The Arab refugees left behind them land and property; this made the economic absorption of the Jewish immigrants much easier. There has been a continued inflow of external capital, securing economic development and a European standard of living. And yet many people still ask the question: 'Can the economy of Israel survive?' Not only that, but 'What kind of economy is it that has undergone what one might call this major operation?'

Many people explain the relative weakness of the Israeli economy by three main factors: the mass immigration, which subsided only two years ago; the discrepancy between insufficient productivity and a rather high standard of living; and the continuing enmity between Arabs and Jews. In dealing with the future prospects of this economy, we should examine more closely these basic assumptions.

First, the question of mass immigration. The ratio between land and population has only a relative meaning in modern economy. The decisive factor is not the size of the country but its natural, human, and capital resources. The present area of Israel is again populated by 1,700,000 inhabitants, which is almost equal to the position in 1947. But this is far from indicating a static economic position. Important changes occurred in the structure of the population as well as in the exploitation of the country. The overwhelming majority of the Arabs, who left when

the state of Israel was proclaimed, were peasants, while the Jewish immigration brought in mostly town dwellers. And then the age structure of the Jewish population itself has changed considerably, and, as far as economic prospects are concerned, for the worse, since the proportion of people between the ages of fifteen and fifty has decreased from fifty-eight per cent. in 1948 to fifty-two per cent. in 1952.

The social structure of the population has also changed; about half the immigrants came from oriental countries and were accordingly used to patterns of thought and life different from the European-minded established population. This has had an adverse influence on the general level of education and productivity. Even the absorption of the new immigrants from Europe has been a major problem. Their cultural and social integration has proceeded less smoothly now than during the period of the Mandate, owing to the sudden influx of people who had undergone the severe trial of persecutions and D.P. camps. These characteristics of mass immigration resulted, among other things, in a fall in the percentage of gainfully employed Jews, from forty-one per cent. in 1947 to thirty-eight per cent. in 1952. The rather high proportion of unskilled immigrants, combined with the disinflationary policy of the government, brought about a rise in the number of unemployed, which fluctuates between 15,000 and 20,000. This number does not appear impressive in a stabilised economy, but in the case of Israel it constitutes a greater danger, especially if the unemployment which is inevitable in seasonal and public works is taken into account.

But, besides these difficulties concerning population, some improvements should also be mentioned. For instance, there is gradually coming to be a greater settlement in the rural areas. In November 1948 only sixteen per cent. of the Jewish population lived in rural localities, while at the end of 1952 the percentage increased to twenty-three. More than 300 new villages have sprung up. Although the proportion of agricultural earners increased only slightly during that period, the very increase

of rural centres indicated a greater dispersal of the population throughout the country. New areas, such as the northern Negev, or the Jerusalem corridor, have become settled and inhabited. Economic as well as security aspects have gained in strength by this peaceful conquest of desert lands.

The growth and nature of the Jewish population has a very great influence on the economic and political issues. The present population is growing by natural increase at a rate of some 35,000 annually, and one may safely assume the officially anticipated figure of about 2,000,000 people by 1960 if a narrow margin is allowed for Jewish immigration and for some Arabs rejoining their families in Israel. Some people are afraid of a continued Jewish mass immigration, and of its economic and political effects. But no substantial increase in immigration is likely for the next few years. Even a slight adverse balance in migration developed during last year—more people left than came in—and this adverse balance disappointed even those who support a temporary suspension of large-scale immigration.

Impact of Mass Immigration

Yet, although mass immigration into Israel has now ceased, its impact is still severely felt. For the period of economic absorption is not confined to the actual years of the immigration but must spread over several years thereafter. The real issue still lies in whether the Israeli economy is progressing towards this goal of the integration of the largely increased population into a more or less balanced economy, and one cannot answer such a question by considering the population changes alone.

What, then, about the land on which the Israeli population lives? Much of the country left by the Arabs had been devastated, houses demolished, the extraction of minerals from the Dead Sea interrupted, and citrus areas neglected. But much of Arab property was left in good condition. This went some way towards solving the problem of accommodation for new immigrants and opened up new areas for Jewish agriculture. The Jewish cultivated land has been doubled, the irrigated areas trebled, and agriculture has become more and more commercial. The farmers consume only about twenty per cent. of their produce, while the rest is marketed. The recent movement of people 'from town to village' made some progress during the year 1952-53. The percentage of agricultural earners has risen since 1948, and the trend of slow but steady increase continues. The economic plans aim at about one-fifth to one-quarter of the earners engaged in agriculture, taking into account local needs for food, the prospects of exports, as well as the modernisation of the Jewish agriculture. It is admitted that the country cannot be fully self-sufficient in food supplies, but an increase in food production is envisaged. There are signs that agricultural production is moving towards the goal, set for 1960, of producing on an average eighty per cent. of local consumption and of supplying a substantial amount of raw materials to local industry.

However, in this sphere of agriculture a fierce debate is still going on as to the main lines of development. Some agricultural economists defend the traditional policy of mixed farming, self-owned small farm units of six to seven acres per family, and of securing for the national diet a large proportion of animal proteins. But there have recently appeared a growing number of people who advocate the line of 'field crops farming' in larger units, not necessarily self-owned. This is meant to increase the amount of vegetable proteins, and to save foreign currency now badly needed for large imports of wheat and fodder. It is held that there is a strong case for this new line in view of the nature of the new immigrants, the necessity to increase the proportion of agricultural earners, and the future use of mostly marginal land. This approach is, however, greatly weakened by the rather unfavourable attitude the older existing villages have adopted towards it, as well as by the traditional opposition to the concept of 'administrative farms.'

So much for agriculture. But more than eighty per cent. of the population have to earn their living in occupations other than agricultural. Even under the Mandate the Jews in Palestine became an industrial community with a relatively high capital intensity, national income, and standard of living. This trend has also prevailed during the recent years of independence. Production increased in most industries, and industrial exports, as compared with industrial imports, grew substantially. Today Israel is able to supply the bulk of her own demands for manufactured goods. The outstanding, still unsolved, issues are: the import of capital goods and raw materials, and the level of prices and productivity. If there is stagnation in productivity, the standard of living may fall, the local market contract, and the whole economic

activity be adversely influenced. Moreover, a relatively high standard of living in a state of low productivity may use up internal as well as external capital resources.

In agriculture the productivity of an Israeli farmer, as compared to American farming, ranges from fifty per cent. in field crops to ninety per cent. in milk produce. However, the much lower productivity in industry and in some other economic branches brings down the average Israeli productivity to some thirty per cent. of the American one. The very comparison of two different economies is often sharply criticised. American productivity is mainly achieved by high technical skill and the economies of large-scale production. In Israel some specific factors should be taken into account. Calculations have proved that the level of productivity of the newly arrived earners is much lower than that of the old, experienced farmers and workers. And the average fall in productivity was largely due to this fact.

A higher productivity creates a higher demand, and consequently a greater incentive for capital investment. Export prices are also largely influenced by the level of productivity. Thus higher productivity becomes another focal point for the future of the Israeli economy. If this problem is solved satisfactorily, not only will the present standard of living be maintained but also the present position of the economy, which is on the margin of 'negative savings', may be reversed and the formation of capital stimulated. This development is conditional upon turning the immigrants into efficient producers and upon the further inflow of external capital, at least during the present planning scheme of five to seven years.

The problem of capital resources is the major problem of almost every underdeveloped economy. It exists in Israel too, although whether Israel really belongs to the category of underdeveloped economies is an open question. The almost generally accepted idea regarding the lack of capital supply in backward areas is often misleading; the real difficulty lies in the lack of incentive due to the lack of effective demand within the local market. This demand can arise if the so-called 'vicious circle' of backward economies is broken by a frontal and simultaneous attack of available capital on various fields of economic activity, and when the development of one industry stimulates that of another and greatly increases the range of consumers. In this way the law of production, which creates its own demand, comes into effect. It is this high and permanent demand which secures incentive and capital investment.

Israel has since her early days had access to a relatively large though still insufficient amount of capital. About \$1,000,000,000 have been made available from various outside sources since the establishment of the state. A great proportion of this money has been efficiently invested and has created new economic opportunities for the large number of immigrants. It is generally admitted that a smaller proportion was used not quite so efficiently, and that part of it went into excessive local consumption or mal-investment.

Government Plan for Foreign Exchange

Israel will presumably have a further inflow of capital at the present rate for some time to come. The Government's plan for mobilising \$1,700,000,000 by the end of 1960 to cover the needs of foreign exchange for consumption and investment purposes seems fairly realistic. In the course of time the influx of American grants and of German reparations is likely to cease. Further development is therefore largely dependent on world Jewry, whose assistance is essential to the security of Israel as well as to its economic development in this crucial period. World Jewry may again become the main and most reliable source of a continued supply of outside capital until a more balanced economy is achieved. A steady, though slow, improvement in the balance of trade and of payments indicates a favourable trend. The proportion of exports to imports has grown from ten per cent. to twenty per cent., and a shift from short-term to long-term debts has eased the burden of the national debt. If productivity continues to rise, local and foreign markets may expand. Only this expansion will create a real incentive for private investments of local and foreign capital.

All these economic considerations are at present largely overshadowed by the dangerous political situation in the Middle East. How far is the economic situation of Israel actually affected by the boycott and enmity of the Arab countries? It is not easy to assess their impact. Various calculations have been made regarding the losses to the Israeli economy resulting from the Arab attitude. The main economic aspects which are influenced by the political situation are these: large expenditure on security; damage by infiltrators across the

borders; higher transport costs and insurance difficulties, especially owing to the closing of the Suez Canal to any Israel-bound shipping; obstacles in supply and the higher level of prices of some imports, brought from afar instead of from neighbouring countries; the disappearance of Arab markets; the impossibility of launching an agreed overall hydro-electric and irrigation scheme; difficulties in tourist traffic to the area as a whole; and, finally, the deterrent of would-be investors owing to unstable conditions.

A closer scrutiny of these items may prove that though some of them are substantial some have been greatly over estimated. On the other hand, certain advantages to Israel of the unsettled dispute are sometimes overlooked, such as possession of lands and property belonging to Arabs who fled the country and have not yet been indemnified, and of certain blocked Arab accounts. New markets were also opened up, and some development schemes were assisted by a self-imposed emergency economy. Israel and the Arab States are complementary economies, to a certain degree. They have to offer each other a number of economic advantages in various industries. But the importance of bonds between the two economies should not be overrated, in the present state of the world market and of transport facilities.

What are the prospects, in the light of the facts I have tried to outline? There is no real sign of a relaxation in the strained relations between Israel and her Arab neighbours. Israel will have to take into account this situation for some time at least. No substantial increase in immigration can be foreseen for the next few years, and the natural increase will be the main contribution to the growth of the population. But the process of integrating the new immigrants in the national economy will still go on, perhaps until the end of this decade. The mineral resources of the country will probably not constitute a very substantial asset in the near future, though they are growing in importance owing to the recent exploitation of the Dead Sea minerals and to prospects of oil discovery.

This implies the necessity to rely primarily on modern agriculture

and on secondary industries. Further, it will prove difficult to lower substantially the present standard of living of the population. That is always the hardest thing to do, because of internal, social, and political repercussions. There may even be a demand for a higher standard of living because of what might be called the 'demonstration effect' of the richer countries. A rise in productivity seems to be almost the only alternative of the economic planners. Lastly, there is no practical evidence, in spite of some pessimistic warnings, that the present external capital resources of Israel will dry up in the course of the seven years' development period—unless an economic or political world-crisis occurs.

I believe that Israel may overcome the present economic difficulties if she is given a period of, at least, relative peace with her neighbours. More accurate predictions are impossible. Laws of social and economic behaviour often change with the underlying conditions and under the impact of new recognisable factors or even imponderables. A small state within a turbulent Middle Eastern environment does conceal many imponderables and surprises. This may be the reason for the partial failure of both local and foreign economists to apply certain useful economic assumptions to the Israeli economy and to give correspondingly useful advice. Another reason for this failure may be in the shortage of local 'know hows' and in some surplus of administrative people who 'know better'. The fast-changing economic measures of the Government add to the difficulties of long-term planning. Economic dogmatism is certainly inadvisable, but lack of economic principles hardly makes things better.

Economic efforts and planning need time to bear fruit before conclusions can be drawn from experience. Otherwise these conclusions may be premature and misleading, and capital and human investments already made may, at least partly, be wasted. The Israeli Government has recently been through the development budget, the major investor in the country, and it has before it an enormous task, not only in raising the capital but also in finding an economic policy to meet the complex and changing facts of Israel's situation.—*Third Programme*

Problems of Social Development

By RAYMOND FIRTH

MANY of our problems relate nowadays to the so-called under-developed countries of the world. The word under-developed in this context is used rather vaguely, to refer to almost any condition from peasant agriculture to lack of a voting system. But basically it means a lack of western technology and of the economic and social institutions which go with that technology. The notion of development is rather complicated. A century or so ago Charles Darwin was in New Zealand, where many of the Maori tribes had been engaged in fierce wars against one another—stimulated by the import of European muskets. There he heard the story of a missionary, pleading with one chief to stop fighting and give peace to his tribe and their neighbours. The chief reflected, moved by the arguments of a man he respected. Then he bethought himself of a keg of gunpowder he had, which was deteriorating and soon would be useless. It would be a pity to waste it, he thought, so he decided on one more war, to use it up in time.

The use of gunpowder by the Maori was a great technological advance, but was it development? Yes, in the arts of war. It gave opportunities for long-range and large-scale slaughter which did not exist before. Morally, it was in many ways deplorable. But leave that question aside. The introduction of muskets and gunpowder brought many changes that were not technological. The old hill forts were given up—they were too exposed to musket fire. The Maori built lowland villages. So the pattern of living changed. Then, on the economic side, men, women, and children toiled furiously to prepare hemp from the New Zealand flax for the export trade, to be able to buy the new weapons. New leaders arose, often from very junior ranks, to cope with the new ways. Conquest and defeat altered the status and land rights of tribes and chiefs, and left arrogance and burning resentment which still are not forgotten and sometimes blaze up in public affairs.

This case of the social effects of the musket may sound rather extreme. And the Maori of today are long past those things. They can

laugh with us at Darwin's joke about their ancestor. A century of development has replaced their digging sticks by ploughs, has given them first horses and then motor-cars, has provided them with western tastes and western education. Their population, declining till the turn of the century, is now increasing rapidly. Their farmers, craftsmen, and factory workers sometimes lag a little behind other New Zealanders in efficiency but many of them are of equally high standard. And their doctors, lawyers, nurses, teachers, though still few, are coping with all the complexities of professional jobs. For a long time they have had their own representatives in parliament. They have even reached what some would regard as the high-water mark of sophistication—they have developed Maori anthropologists who can look objectively at their own culture and compare its structure and values with others.

And yet, despite all this achievement, all this development—and partly because of it—the Maori people of today have serious social and economic problems. Lack of farming capital, pressure of population on the land, drift to the towns and to semi-skilled or unskilled occupations, some (though not much) racial prejudice, are among their difficulties. But perhaps the most serious problem is the dual framework in which most Maori want to set their lives. They want to be New Zealanders in the full sense of the word, accepted on equal footing with the rest, and sharing in all that the Dominion has to offer to its citizens. But they do not just want to be assimilated, as the term goes. At the same time, even perhaps most of all, they want to stay Maori, with the loyalty, warmth of kinship, hospitality, and traditional ceremonial that this implies. And the difficulty is that one cannot have both equally at the same time.

Western standards of efficiency, thrift, punctuality, individualism, do not always fit Maori patterns of lack of concern with money and time, of generosity, and help to kinsfolk. Maori standards of what is proper behaviour for young people, for juniors, for women before their elders, their chiefs, their menfolk. In the long run, the Maori may be

able to solve this problem, to have a culture of their own as well as be able to partake fully of the general New Zealand culture—somewhat in the way Scottish people tend to do wherever they happen to live. But they will have to modify their own culture still further to do so. The essence of all this is that development has its price. And the price is not just human energy, forethought, and skill; it costs something even dearer, the sacrifice of some of the cherished ways of life, traditional and deeply rooted. One of the difficulties is that the need for this sacrifice is often only dimly perceived, is a matter of bewilderment and resentment. The mainspring in the whole situation is that people usually want the material things that development brings. Having made this choice, they have to set about earning the wherewithal to pay for them. Technical changes follow, and then come the social implications.

Origins of Impetus

What I have said about the Maori is symptomatic of much wider effects, and in many other countries. Where does the impetus to development come from? There are usually several sides to it. One is the political and economic leverage that it gives to the people or countries supplying the tools, the capital, the techniques and administrative skills. A cynic might point to the way in which trade advantages and political influence or control have so often accompanied assistance in development. But of more profound importance in the whole process is the moral aspect. The western tradition, especially of Christian capitalism, has learnt to look on the use of resources as a moral charge, and the existence of under-developed areas as a moral challenge. And the other side of this medal is the view that it is a moral imperative to spread the benefits of civilisation, material and non-material, as widely as possible.

Matching this intensity, though not always with the same clarity and immediacy, are the views of the people in the under-developed countries, that they want these benefits, they want to be able to live more amply, to mingle freely on a basis of equality with the world at large. Take the Eskimo as a case in point. We think of the Eskimo living in the frozen north in snow huts, dressed in skins, and hunting by the help of skin kayaks. Many of them still do; but many others, in Alaska and Greenland, live in European or American-type wooden houses, dress in good western clothing inside their skin parkas, and run motor-boats. An Eskimo child, instead of riding on his mother's back in the hood of her skin cloak, goes about in a romper suit of good wool cloth. His father proudly says, 'Now he is like children everywhere'. Someone who knows Eskimo has said this, and added that to be like people everywhere is their great ambition—nearly as important as to keep warm and to know where their next meal is coming from.

This can have repercussions. A description of one Eskimo community up in Alaska was headed, in the crisp American way: 'The Party is over for the Eskimos'. The U.S. Navy had been doing a good deal of construction work in their area for about ten years. The local Eskimo men had become used to earning more than \$120 (£40) a week from construction workers' wages; their wives and families had become used to tinned foods, electrical cooking, radios, washing machines. Now the Navy has given up its project there, and the Eskimos are faced with a sudden relapse into their old hunting life, and all that this means—reversion to the old seasonal round, the dispersal of the new community, family isolation, and so on. It is going to be hard for them.

You may think this is exceptional. But many people in New Guinea and the South Pacific have seen their incomes vanish and their standards of living decline as military plans have changed and employment has shrunk. Military work in itself can hardly be classed as development. Yet the widespread expenditure for strategic purposes, from stock-piling of rubber and tin to prospecting for oil or uranium, is having social and economic repercussions on the lives of peasant and urban workers in many countries of the world. What this emphasises is that development is not just starting an industry or opening a market, with the provision for immediate employment. It implies the need for continuity, so that the results can be maintained.

Let us review the concept of development again. Development cannot be expressed just in terms of more elaborate and efficient use of resources; it also means an enlargement of economic opportunity in some fairly constant ways. It also means diversification of economic and social roles, and consequent enlargement of the range of possible cultural experiences. More specifically, new avenues of employment mean changes in patterns of income, patterns of consumption. They also mean new ways of using the man-power and woman-power of the community; new alignments of people in their daily lives; alterations

in the status and influence of people as their control over income changes, new kinds of leadership, new organisations in the community, wider cultural horizons.

An important series of problems in the developmental field is raised by the movement of labour. Characteristic in many of the under-developed countries, but especially marked in Africa, is the migration of men from their rural homes to other farming areas, to industrial work in factories or mines, or to a range of new urban jobs. The problems here are well known. On the one side there is the threat to family life. More important, perhaps, in the long run, are the problems of community-integration. The movement of labour in such numbers, the growth of new settlements, the rapid swelling of the urban populations involves grave questions of social control and responsibility for social amenities and a positive cultural life to which individuals can make their contribution. Diverse languages and origins, lack of education, ignorance of the necessary organisation to run a large community, racial suspicions and discrimination, perhaps, get in the way of the emergence of community consciousness and appropriate recognition of leadership. Some traditional groupings may tend to break down, and the new forms of structure that replace them may represent sectional interests more fiercely than before—just as with the Indians who have migrated to Fiji. Their original caste system has been modified very greatly but, on the other hand, they have formed partisan factions among whom there is struggle for power.

Apart from the effects of labour migration, traditional group structures have been undermined by other aspects of the process of development. In India itself, while the prohibitions on dining, on marriage, and on polluting contact still largely obtain, and while there are attempts to reevaluate the caste system by pointing out its functional interdependences and solidarity, the rigour of its ordinary day-to-day operations has inevitably had to give way before the demands of modern urban, industrial, professional life. The joint-family system is still cherished as an ideal in many parts of India—the close-knit group of brothers (or sisters and brothers) sharing their major property and their services freely, for the common benefit. But this institution, too, has suffered. A man who earns a good income as a lawyer or doctor may wish to leave the family home and develop his own style of living. He may wish to spend his savings on sending his sons to college rather than helping his poorer relations. It is the Maori problem over again. And I have had talks about various other aspects of it with Malays, with Fijians, with West Africans. For all of them these large-scale kin units seem in certain respects incompatible with modern industrial and professional life. Yet it is not just a structural problem, a neutral question of how groups change, break up, adjust. It is also a personal problem, often a poignant one, of having to decide where not only self-interest but also justice and virtue lie. This happens often enough, too, in a conflict between the generations, between modern young people and their old folk. As Hilda Kuper has said about this in South Africa, 'Individual tragedies are the price of social evolution'.

Should Traditions be Jettisoned?

At the level of an issue of principle, questions of this kind are apt to split a society into different groups of opinion, arguing, sometimes bitterly, about what should be the solution. When traditional cherished kinship ties seem to get in the way of development, to hamper the most efficient use of a person's skill, talents, money, should they be jettisoned? Should the person break with custom and refuse to share his goods or his home with a relative who is making no attempt to cope with modern conditions and earn a proper living for himself and his family? Should he take the advice of his elders, as tradition dictates, or should he ignore it and strike out for himself? Are the results worth the loss of group loyalties and values? I remember a keen argument among a group of teachers in the Gold Coast on the issue of whether they should try to abide by the traditional matrilineal *abusua* relationship because economic sacrifices for kinsfolk were good; or get rid of it, in the interests of progress and modernity. Opinion was deeply divided. And I remember, too, a talk with a group of senior Malays, in Negri Sembilan, on the operation of their matrilineal rules of land inheritance and succession to office, and other strong ties with the mother's group, all these being threatened by various modern developments, including rubber growing. They discussed the *pros* and *cons* earnestly, but one of them summed it up to me by saying, 'Good or bad, it is our custom'.

(continued on page 213)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Not Cricket

THE publication last week of the names of the seventeen players who are to represent the Marylebone Cricket Club in Australia next winter is a reminder that enthusiasts may be compensated by the vicarious excitements of the Test matches over there for what they have missed by way of sport in England this dismal summer. For, whatever its vicissitudes, cricket remains, to the mystification of foreigners, a high point in our national life. We may be beaten at football by Hungary or Uruguay, by Russians at rowing or chess, by American ladies at lawn tennis, and by almost anybody at golf, but at least we now again lead the world in the game which we ourselves invented. That it does not appeal notably to our French or American friends is understandable. Test matches which over here, thirty years ago, lasted only three days have now stretched into a week yet lack the sustained excitement of a six-day bicycle race. The solemnity of the atmosphere, the slowness of the scoring, and the discomfort involved in watching and chewing sandwiches cannot afford to a more volatile people the idea of satisfying entertainment. Yet soon we shall be hearing or reading again of 'a crisis for England', or 'England's last chance', desperate, if exaggerated phrases, drowning all thought of big bombs and other beastliness.

In communicating the news of these sporting events, sound broadcasting still has a large part to play. Can the recent surge in the sale of wireless sets be influenced by the thought that without them one might be out of touch with the Test-match news on winter mornings? To the cricket 'fan' there is an almost masochistic delight in turning on the wireless upon such occasions. The writer of one of the many recent cricket books* observes:

After crawling out of bed at seven a.m. on a freezing morning, you break the icicles on the loudspeaker and switch on. For the first five minutes you hear nothing but a sound like bath-water gurgling out through a waste-pipe. Then suddenly a cheerful voice says: 'Good morning, England. It's a lovely day here. Bailey has just broken his thumb'.

The difference in time between England and Australia means that cricket is played in the middle of our night, just as their winter is our summer, and so the world is turned upside down, only to be put right by the wireless. We can meditate on the gap in the lives of our ancestors who had to await the special editions of the evening newspapers before they knew whether or not England had won a Test match in Australia.

But though the ordinary man in the street—to whom a Test match is something on altogether a higher plane from cricket in the county or upon the village green—may be compensated by the matches next winter, for the man who actually plays the game or even earns his living by playing it this has been a wretched year indeed. Whoever has played cricket (to employ one of our mystical metaphors) it has not been the sun. Many treasurers must be haunted by the thought of bankruptcy. The Pakistanis, playing their first series of Test matches in this country, have had a raw deal from the weather. That a Test match in Manchester should be ruined by the weather is, to put it mildly, not unusual; but that a five-day Test match at Lord's should fail to be finished because of torrential rain is almost *lèse-majesté*. We must hope that this month the weather gods will relent, not only so as to dry the eyes of county cricket treasurers but in order to give a chance to a more popular if less erudite form of the game—cricket on the sands.

*Cricket My Happiness. By A. A. Thomson. Museum Press, 12s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the Anglo-Egyptian agreement

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN agreement and the air incidents off Hainan were the main topics discussed last week. The initialling of the agreement on the evacuation of the Suez Canal zone led the announcer on Cairo radio to express his joy in reading the joint *communiqué* 'containing news which has been awaited for more than seventy years'. Prime Minister Nasser then came to the microphone to speak of this 'glorious moment' when 'the principal aim of the revolution' had been achieved. An Egyptian singer then sang a patriotic song, and reports followed of demonstrations of rejoicing in the Cairo streets. Subsequent Egyptian broadcasts gave numerous messages of congratulation from Arab leaders. Among them, representatives of Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia expressed the hope that the 'French imperialists' would profit by the example set by Britain. (On July 31, it was announced that the French Prime Minister had flown to Tunis and handed to the Bey an offer of internal sovereignty for Tunisia.) Broadcasts from Israel expressed anxiety that the Anglo-Egyptian settlement might lead to aggression against Israel, unless the latter were given 'additional military aid' by the Western Powers. From the United States the *New York Times* was quoted as describing the House of Commons vote approving the agreement on Suez as 'a display of statesmanship'. It commented:

If retreat it be, it merely recognises that the role of the British Empire as guardian of the peace has been replaced by a collective effort embracing as many free nations as are willing to take part, and that instead of weakening free world defences, this opens the way to greater strength.

From Australia, several newspapers were quoted as welcoming the agreement in the belief that it would presage a new and happier chapter in Anglo-Egyptian relations. From India, the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as saying:

With the truce in Indo-China, with Iran's oil dispute nearly resolved, and with the settlement on the Suez Canal base, a breath of peace has come to blow over a large part of the world, and Britain can claim to have made a statesmanlike contribution towards it.

A number of French newspapers linked the Anglo-Egyptian settlement with France's problems in North Africa. *Le Monde* was quoted as follows:

Britain's strength and wisdom is that she has always known when to leave in time, even when her rulers have had to make decisions in the midst of storms of protest from public opinion.

The left-wing Independent *Franc-Tireur* urged that 'France should quickly make a settlement in terrorist-ridden Tunisia, taking Britain as her model'. The Italian newspaper *Il Corriere Della Sera* expressed appreciation of the fact that the decision to evacuate Suez must have been difficult for Sir Winston Churchill, and offered a further proof of his realism and greatness. Several west German and Swedish newspapers, as well as the Yugoslav newspaper *Borba*, expressed the view that the way was now clear for a military alliance between the Arab states and the west. An example of comment from the communist world came from Deutschlandsender radio in east Germany, which said:

The British have left themselves several back doors through which to creep in again . . . and through the so-called civilian British contractors who are to remain in the Canal zone, Britain can continue to exercise her influence on an undiminished scale.

The air incidents off Hainan were the occasion for vitriolic attacks on the United States in broadcasts from Soviet Russia and China, which at the same time were patronising in their attitude to Britain, whose Government had accepted the Chinese apology for the 'unfortunate mistake' in shooting down the Skymaster civilian airliner. Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden were said to be 'alarmed' by the American 'piratical attack on two Chinese aircraft', regarding it as a threat to their foreign policy and to world peace.

A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* alleged that the British Government's acceptance of the Chinese apology for the Skymaster incident was 'far from satisfactory to the United States aggressive circles, which counted on an exacerbation of Sino-British relations and the thwarting of the peaceful Indo-Chinese settlement, which would make it easier for them to pursue their aggressive policy in Asia'.

Did You Hear That?

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY celebrated its 150th birthday last week. The Society's President, the Hon. DAVID BOWES-LYON, spoke about it in the Home Service. 'The Royal Horticultural Society', he said, 'is the oldest horticultural society in the world. It started on March 7, 1804, when seven men met in a room over Hatchard's book shop in Piccadilly. They were John Wedgwood, son of Josiah Wedgwood the famous potter; Sir Joseph Banks, a leading scientist who, as a young man, had been the botanist on Captain Cook's first voyage round the world; two more were the King's head gardeners at St. James's Palace and at Kew, and another a seedsman who had a shop in Covent Garden.

'These men decided to start a horticultural society and proceeded to rope in their friends. At first they held eight meetings a year in a rented room, when someone would give a talk on a gardening topic and afterwards seeds and plants were handed round to the members present. A few years later the Society got its Royal Charter for, as the Charter says, "the improvement of Horticulture in all its Branches". The Society prospered and soon had its own headquarters in Regent Street where it began to hold fortnightly meetings, just as it does today in Westminster. At these meetings members vied with each other in showing flowers and vegetables and especially fruit, which was then the fashionable thing to grow. About this time it started its own garden at Chiswick, about five miles from Hyde Park Corner, where almost everything that could be grown in England was grown. It also built greenhouses of the latest design, installing hot-water pipes which had just then been invented.

'This great garden provided unequalled opportunities for young gardeners to learn their business and one young man called Joseph Paxton was so keen to get in that he pretended to be two years older than he was. He did well, was put on the permanent staff, and later became head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. There he built new types of glasshouses and later designed the Crystal Palace, for which work he was knighted.

'Meanwhile, the meetings in Regent Street became so popular that there was not nearly enough room to show all the things members brought from their gardens, so they decided to hold shows under canvas at the Chiswick garden. These shows in a tent were the origin of all the flower shows which are such a feature all over the country today. From Chiswick promising young gardeners were sent to various parts of the world to find new plants. The first, John Potts, went to China and brought back many camellias and chrysanthemums; another, John Forbes, sailed to Brazil and later to East Africa, and although he sent back many orchids, fuchsias, and other plants, he lost his life making his way up the Zambesi'.

KING JAMES I AND THE OVERBURY MURDER

'The other day', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent, in 'The Eye-Witness', 'I held in my hands four double sheets of notepaper, which should have been destroyed 338 years ago. On them I was quite easily able to read the small, clear hand of the writer, who concluded one of them with the words: "So, reposing myself upon your faithful and secret handling of this business, I bid

you heartily farewell. James R." For these were confidential letters from King James I of England, and VI of Scotland, to his Lieutenant at the Tower of London asking for the latter's help in hushing up what threatened to be an ugly scandal.

'Unfortunately for the King, and fortunately for modern students, the Lieutenant, Sir George More, belonged to a family which liked to keep interesting documents. The four royal letters, written during May 1616, lay through the centuries in a great board of family records at Losely House in Surrey. They have now been acquired by the Folger

Library in Washington; a foundation which is collecting, for the benefit of research students, material for the study of the background of Anglo-American civilisation, and in particular the period between 1500 and 1700, which saw, at the same time, the rich flowering of the Old World and the exploration and colonisation of the New World.

'Into a niche in the Folger Collections there now go these four letters written by "the wisest fool in Christendom", as a sort of postscript to a famous murder case. In the Tower of London was Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, the King's young favourite, who had been promoted with great speed to title and fortune. Along with his wife, the former Countess of Essex, Lord Somerset was awaiting trial on a charge of being involved in the murder by poison of Sir Thomas Overbury, a former friend of his who had opposed his marriage.

'To the Lieutenant of the Tower, Somerset hinted that he might disclose something scandalous about the King at his trial. The Lieutenant warned the King, and later received the first of these four letters written as it is endorsed: "On the 9th May at about one of the clock in the afternoon". It asks the Lieutenant to convey a message from the King to the prisoner "in such secrecy none living may know of it", and indicates that if Somerset would confess he would, to use the king's words, "leave some place for my mercy to work on". Whatever the messenger said to Somerset, it apparently had no effect. In the next letter the King instructs the Lieutenant: "You shall therefore give him assurance, in my name, that if he will yet, before his trial, confess clearly

unto the Commissioners his guiltiness of this fact, I will not only perform what I promised by my last messenger, both towards him and his wife, but I will enlarge it". The prisoner is also to be warned that his wife, kept in separate confinement, is anyhow likely to confess.

'The third letter sounds a note of royal desperation. "Good Sir George: I am extremely sorry that your unfortunate prisoner turns all the greatest care I have of him, not only against himself, but against me also, as far as he can. I cannot blame you, that you cannot conjecture what this may be, for God knows, it is only a trick of his idle brain, hoping thereby to shift his trial. But it is easy to be seen that he would threaten me with laying an aspersion upon me, of being in some sort accessory to his crime". The fourth letter arranges a final contact between the prisoner and the King's personal representative, Lord Hay, before the trial. It concludes: "If he hath said anything of moment to Lord Hay, I expect to hear of it with all speed. If otherwise, let me not be troubled with it till the trial be past".

'A day or two after these words were written, Lord and Lady Somerset came up for trial separately. Both were sentenced to death,



A decorative plate, bearing the signature of King George IV, from an exhibition of floral plates in the hall of the Royal Horticultural Society, Westminster. Each is inscribed with the signature of a royal patron of the Society

but the lady, who pleaded guilty, received the Royal Pardon at once. However Somerset himself seems also to have left some place for the King's mercy to work on. The sentence was never carried out against him'.

SCULPTOR OF EROS

'Eros', said ADRIAN BURY in a Home Service talk, 'is perhaps the most popular statue in the world. It has almost become the symbol of London.'

'It was designed by Alfred Gilbert, one of England's most gifted sculptors; and this month happens to be the centenary of his birth, for he was born on August 12, 1854. I used to see Gilbert occasionally when I was a boy. My mother was his sister. But I did not get to know him intimately until many years afterwards; and I can best remember him when he was over sixty.'

'Gilbert was a charming and inspiring companion. He had a tremendously wide acquaintance with most of the distinguished persons of his time, and his reminiscences were fascinating. I have seen him, in an Italian *café*, enchant a whole company of comparative strangers with his talk. But his moods were as variable as the weather. He could be gentle and kind but his temper would rise like a hurricane at some chance and innocent remark that he thought offended his dignity. Wherever he went and whatever he did he was always the great artist.'

'Gilbert's life ended happily; he was remembered and admired by everybody. But he might have died almost unknown.'

'A work that brought him into the forefront of his profession was a monument to Queen Victoria, in honour of her 1887 Golden Jubilee. It was commissioned by the High Sheriff of Hampshire. After its unveiling Gilbert was overwhelmed with work. He was only thirty-three and he had achieved remarkable fame for so young a sculptor. One of his commissions was Eros. It was a memorial to Lord Shaftesbury, the pioneer reformer who did so much to improve the conditions of poor people in the nineteenth century.'

'Gilbert wanted to do a fountain. His mind always ran on symbolism and allegory, and the idea of a fountain suggested to him a continual outpouring of charity. He referred contemptuously to a straightforward statue as "a coat and trousers" affair. The Memorial Committee would probably have preferred a statue. Even so, they were persuaded to accept Gilbert's idea.'

'The figure of Eros, the God of Love, was cast in aluminium because its light weight made the figure's nobility and poise possible; the fountain was cast in bronze. When the work was nearly finished there was criticism that it seemed to have little relation to the person whom it commemorated. So it has, from the point of view of a representation. Various changes were suggested. One, which was carried out, was to put a portrait bust of Lord Shaftesbury beside the fountain. But later this was taken down: it just did not fit in. Further arguments and delays involved Gilbert in unexpected expenses. He lost money on the work, was bitterly disappointed at its reception, and came in time to regard the Eros fountain as an evil genius that haunted him.'

'Whatever the difficulties about Eros, the real trouble with Gilbert was that he had little business sense. "Money is as brass", he would say, "but my ideals are golden". Where his artistic conscience was concerned he never thought of time and money. For instance, the Queen Victoria statue was unfinished when it was unveiled in 1887, and not completed till many years afterwards. A reredos for St. Alban's Abbey was left derelict. It is not surprising that he could not deliver works

to time. He spent the greater part of two years on one little figure of St. George, which is a detail on his masterpiece, the Clarence Memorial in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

'By 1901 Gilbert's affairs were chaotic. His creditors took action, and he was made bankrupt and had to get out of his house and studio. Gilbert fled to Bruges and hoped to reconstruct his life there. He paid occasional visits to London, but he little thought he was to live in Bruges for about twenty-five years, four of them under German occupation in the first world war. He became a voluntary exile, fated to semi-obscurity and poverty.'

'It was the autumn of 1922. As a student of art, I had always wanted to go to Italy, and by then I had saved enough to do so. On the way to Rome I called on Gilbert in Bruges. He was in good health, but in poor circumstances. I asked him when he was returning to London, and he seemed dubious about his prospects. He had little money and no work to do. I felt that he had put out of his head the idea of coming back permanently. When I told Gilbert that I was going to Rome, he was excited, and began to talk enthusiastically about his experiences there when he was young. "Perhaps I'll come to Italy", he said. "How I would like to start my life there over again. I wouldn't mind living there. I'm tired of Bruges".

'Sure enough, in March 1923 I had a letter saying that Gilbert was coming to Rome.'

'From remarks he made, there is no doubt that he longed to get back to England to finish his work before it was too late. For some time he alternated between Rome and Bruges, and he was to endure many months of waiting before things could be arranged. The fact was that the authorities in London had to be assured that Gilbert was still competent to complete the Clarence Tomb. False rumours had got about that his genius had deserted him.'

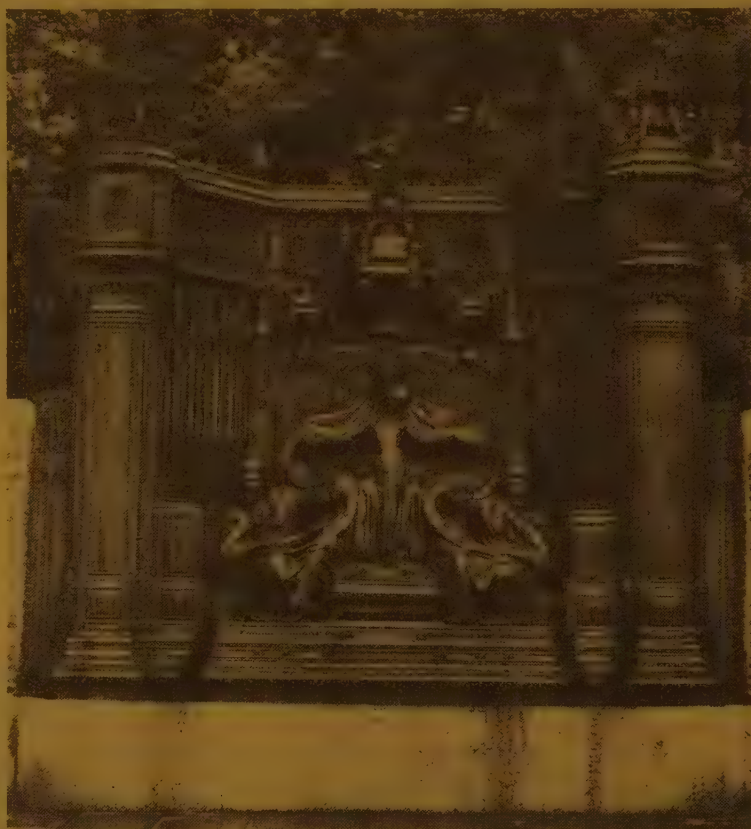
'But loyal friends were able to convince the authorities, and his return in 1926 was made easy. King George V, brother of the Duke of Clarence, graciously per-

mitted the sculptor to finish the memorial, and the art world and press welcomed him. He was loaned a studio in Friary Court, St. James's, and here he completed the details of the Clarence Memorial, thirty-six years after the work had been begun.

'Gilbert's final important effort was the memorial to Queen Alexandra at Marlborough Gate, unveiled in 1932. In the same year, when he was seventy-eight years old, the sculptor was knighted. It had been an astonishing come-back. The eight years Gilbert spent in England, from his return until his death in 1934, were happy ones. He rejoined the Royal Academy, two of his bronzes were bought by the Chantrey Bequest, and a replica of Eros was erected at Liverpool'.

A SLAP AND A KISS

'During the Nazi occupation of France', said MERVYN JONES in a Home Service talk, 'the story goes that four people were travelling in a railway compartment—a young Frenchman, a pretty girl, a German officer, and an old woman. The train plunged into a tunnel, and the sound of a kiss was heard, followed by a hearty slap. The old woman thought: "There's a good patriotic girl—the German kisses her, and she slaps his face". The girl thought: "I'm glad that German got his face slapped, but why did he kiss the old woman instead of me?" The German thought: "Here's a fine thing—the Frenchman kisses the girl, and she slaps my face". The Frenchman thought: "That came off very nicely; I kiss my own hand and give the Nazi a slap on the face".'



The memorial to Queen Alexandra, designed by Sir Alfred Gilbert, at Marlborough Gate, London. The inscription reads: 'Faith, Hope, Love, the Guiding Virtues of Queen Alexandra'

Magic Island-Sanctuaries of the Mediterranean

STUART PIGGOTT on Malta in prehistory

THE broadcast talks by Mr. Ward Perkins and Mr. John Evans on the recent archaeological work in Malta* showed that within the last year or two our knowledge of the prehistory in that island, and in the adjacent island of Gozo, has been put on an entirely new footing. I want here to discuss this work in its relation to the wider aspects of European prehistory from about 2000 B.C. or a little earlier, up to about 1000 B.C.

Let me say first that the circumstances in which this work took place give a good idea of how a piece of unspectacular but scientifically important archaeological research is planned and carried out. It had long been known that on Malta and Gozo were some remarkable stone-built temples of prehistoric date, but unlike anything else in the Mediterranean world. Excavations had been made and published in the past, especially by Sir Themistocles Zammit, but no comprehensive and detailed account of all the sites existed. Some three years ago such a detailed survey of the prehistoric monuments of Malta became possible by the setting up of a commission in the Royal University of Malta with a grant from the Colonial Office through the Inter-Universities Council. It became possible in fact to carry out the work in a manner commensurate with the importance of the task. Mr. Ward Perkins and I acted as archaeological advisers on this commission, and Mr. Evans was secured from Cambridge to work on the spot.

A primary task was to get a set of really good plans, drawings and photographs of the monuments themselves, to go with detailed objective descriptions of them in their present condition. But we realised from the beginning that we must also deal with the vast amount of archaeological material recovered from the earlier excavations, which had only been published in a

lately with Sicily. But this sequence, though we all felt it was the right one, was unsatisfactory in two ways. In the first place, it was pretty well entirely based on typology—the changing styles in pottery forms and ornament—and only at one or two points tied up to a sequence actually observed in excavation. And the other drawback was that it could not really be tied into the sequence of architectural development which we could see in the temples themselves.

What we wanted, in fact, was control of stratigraphical excavation at as many sites as possible, to see whether the typological sequence would appear in successive stratified layers of ancient deposits, and whether these deposits could be related to the building phases of the monuments. Such excavation became financially possible early this summer, and these broadcasts are the first reports of the results. We knew, or suspected, or hoped, that enough untouched deposits remained at all the main temple-sites to give us the answer if tackled in the right way. It would be a critical laboratory experiment, a bit of neat surgical autopsy of the greatest importance for our understanding of the formative centuries of European prehistory.

As John Evans has said in his talk, it was wonderfully successful. We shall neither of us easily forget those days at Mgarr or Ggantija, watching the trial trenches going down through the successive floor levels of the temples, each overlying a mass of potsherds lying in just the sequence we had predicted: we became quite hilarious about it—and it was not just the sunny, salty air and the Xaghra wine, though they certainly helped. It was the recognition that our theoretical archaeological methods, when put to the test of practical excavation, did in fact justify themselves, and that we were at last putting the prehistory of Malta on a really firm foundation.

How does our new knowledge fit into the general pattern of European prehistory? The earliest human inhabitants of Malta, so far as we can see at present, are represented only by pottery of a distinctive type, found



Sculptured stone head (sixteenth to seventeenth century B.C.) found during excavations in Malta

rather scrappy way, but which was stored in the Archaeological Museum at Valletta. Until this was fully studied, both in itself and in its possible relation to prehistoric Europe as a whole, we could not hope to understand the problems involved. Here, again, there was a great deal of drawing and photography involved, particularly with the mass of pottery from the sites.

Mr. Evans made a determined onslaught on what looked at first an almost insuperable job of classification and interpretation. He was in fact triumphantly successful, not only in determining the prehistoric sequence, largely based on the pottery types, within the islands themselves, but in recognising many points of contact outside, particu-



Spiral carvings in the Hal Tarxien temple (sixteenth to seventeenth century B.C.)



Remains of the limestone sculpture of a woman (sixteenth to seventeenth century B.C.)

* THE LISTENER, June 3 and July 22

in the Ghar Dalam cave and a few other sites. The pottery has impressed designs made by jabbing with a stick or pressing in the crinkly edge of a sea-shell, and is associated with early communities of stone-using agriculturists, from many places in the Mediterranean area: it was found at Stentinello in Sicily, and reaches as far west as the south of France, the Spanish Levant, and the north African coast in Tangier. The style might in fact be African in origin.

Distinctive Local Style

In Malta, individuality in treatment appears early, and a distinctive local style evolves with a cut-out technique of ornament, often with white filling to heighten the decorative effect. To the makers of this pottery we can attribute the earliest temple-monument, a small, simple trefoil-shaped structure at Mgarr which in planning and construction forms a convincing architectural prototype for the whole of the subsequent series. We can relate pretty well this Mgarr phase, and the Zebbug style developing out of it, to the Sicilian prehistoric sequence. With the later Stentinello pottery there you get burnished red or ivory-coloured ware imported probably from south Italy, and the same pottery turns up in the Lipari Islands fairly early in the Neolithic phase there. Some fragments of just this pottery also appear with Mgarr and Zebbug ware in Malta, and in the recent excavation we got a flake of obsidian, pretty certainly from Lipari itself, in the same context.

What all this amounts to is that, in terms of dating in actual years, we cannot put this Mgarr early temple and its pottery much, if at all, later than 2000 B.C., and it could be a century or so earlier. It means that by the end of the third millennium B.C. stone-using agriculturists in Malta were already building, even in a rather rough and tentative manner, stone temples which were to develop into extreme architectural sophistication and complexity at a later date. It has long been recognised that in all their essential elements of planning, and in many details of ritual architectural detail, the simpler (and as we now know, earlier) Maltese temples were closely related to the stone-chambered or megalithic tombs of western Europe. They suggest, in fact, that a tomb has developed into a temple.

There are some interesting pieces of evidence for contacts between Malta and the western Mediterranean at the end of this early phase, at the beginning of the second millennium B.C., such as the carved stone head of a very schematised female figure from a grave at Zebbug, which links up with the so-called statue-menhirs of south France.

With the next phase, named after the Ggantija temple on Gozo, the Maltese tradition is achieving its most characteristic individuality, both in architecture and in the pottery styles represented in the ritual vessels used in the temples. It seems on the whole to be a period of relative isolation, and of insular development. The pottery, with its finely scratched ornament often filled with red ochre, rather looks like craftsmen imitating painted wares without knowing the proper techniques. The trefoil-planned temples develop so that they have two pairs of apses instead of one; the stone-mason's technique improves, and the surface of stones may now have ornament made by a sort of dotted pattern of drilled pits all over the area. Instead of the rough, hard, coralline limestone, the softer globigerina freestone is used.

But it is in the final, culminating phase of the Maltese neolithic tradition that the most astounding monuments were produced, and it is at this time that outside contacts of a most fascinating kind can now be perceived. This is the period of Hal Tarxien, with its slabs carved with spirals and low-relief friezes of animals, and the figures, on one occasion over life-size, of vastly obese women. Here, too, comes that terrifyingly impressive monument, the underground temple and ossuary at Hal Saflieni, cut from the limestone rock in a series of chambers which sometimes reproduce the solid architectural features proper to buildings made of separate blocks above-ground. Ceilings here are painted with great swirling spiral designs in red.

I have said how the earliest Maltese temples share architectural features in common with tombs. A recurrent Mediterranean type of collective family vault was one cut in the living rock to a more or less circular plan, with domed roof, with a narrow entrance doorway which opened from a cliff-face, which might be cut back to make a sort of forecourt. In Hal Saflieni you see just this sort of tomb-form duplicated and ingeniously elaborated underground, and in the above-ground temples the same elements of ritual architecture—the recessed front of the structure making the forecourt, the narrow door, and the apsidal chamber or chambers—repeated in masonry.

In Sicily, simple tombs of this rock-cut type seem to have been first constructed by a people with eastern Mediterranean contacts: perhaps

they came from there. Their rather rough painted pottery certainly looks to be related to Middle Helladic wares in Greece, dating between about 2000 and 1600 B.C. A couple of these Sicilian tombs have stone closing-slabs carved with spiral ornament; several of them contained odd knobbed bone objects which may be highly conventionalised female figurines, and a bit of one of these turned up in Malta at Hal Tarxien. It looks then as if this Tarxien phase overlapped with the Castelluccio culture, as it is called, of eastern Sicily.

But we can go a good deal further than this. If, as the new evidence from excavation and comparative study implies, we must date the Tarxien phase in Malta in part at least to the sixteenth century B.C., we begin to see daylight. In the past, this highly developed phase had been supposed to begin the entire Maltese sequence, and dates as early as 3000 B.C. were confidently advanced for it, on pure guesswork. Now we can see it as a culmination of a process taking place during the first half of the second millennium B.C., and as such it makes sense. Some of its features at least must be linked with the expansion of Mycenaean trade into the western Mediterranean at this time, a trade which brought actual Mycenaean pottery to Lipari.

Outside the ambit of the ancient oriental world, the earliest monumental relief-sculpture in stone in the eastern Mediterranean is that represented by the grave-stelae at Mycenae, decorated with spirals and representational scenes. We now know that spirally ornamented grave-slabs go back to the period of the earlier grave-circle at Mycenae, at the end of the Middle Helladic period in the late seventeenth century B.C. To a school of consummate master-masons such as those working on the Maltese temples, and already experimenting in surface ornament, the idea of symbolic relief-carving must have made an instant appeal. For symbolic it surely was, and no mere patterning; John Evans reminded us in his talk how the spirally depicted eyes of a watchful deity keep guard at Tarxien itself.

With the high probability of a Mycenaean origin for the Maltese (and the Castelluccio) carvings of spirals, let us look a little further afield, to the remote north-west of Europe and the British Isles. In the decorative symbolic art carved on the stones of collective megalithic tombs, such as New Grange in Ireland or Gav'r Inis in Brittany, spirals play an important part and sometimes form a recognisable pair of eyes: we find them again on pottery and stone idols, in Orkney and Yorkshire, for instance. It is a magic motif, a religious symbol just as much as the cross, or the fish in early Christian times. Working at the British end of things, we could see that the date of tombs like New Grange would come at least partly into the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries B.C., and at a meeting of the Prehistoric Society three years ago I rather rashly suggested that in view of other evidence for Mycenaean contacts, the spirals at New Grange might come from the same source. I could not use the Maltese evidence then, because we none of us dared to bring down the date of the Tarxien temples so late without any good evidence to go on. Now we know that they are of that sort of date, and the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle look more like fitting together than we had hoped.

For reasons unknown to us, the brilliant phase of religious architecture represented by the latest temples in Malta came to a sudden end. At Tarxien, in the ruins of the abandoned shrines, a new people buried their dead after cremation, with pottery vessels and the first objects of bronze or copper axe-blades and daggers—known from the island. The origins of the newcomers are obscure, but north-eastern Sicily has been suggested with some show of probability. The rite of cremation suggests the eastern Mediterranean (it was used in the Hittite Old Kingdom in the first half of the second millennium B.C., and this seems the earliest instance known), and other features in the Tarxien Cemetery burials may point to the same area for ultimate origins.

Links with Sicily

By the end of the fourteenth century B.C. at latest Malta is again closely linked with Sicily. At Borg en-Nadur above St. George's Bay in Malta a limestone promontory between two dry valleys has a cyclopean defensive wall across its neck, within which is a settlement partly overlapping the ruins of an earlier temple. The pottery from this settlement is identical with one of the types found commonly in the rock-cut collective tombs around the bay of Syracuse, where there are also Mycenaean vases of the fourteenth century B.C. Borg en-Nadur looks almost like the beach-head of an intrusive people establishing themselves in a new land at this time, and indeed support for this date is given by an actual fragment of a Mycenaean drinking-cup from the site—the only find of its kind in Malta or Gozo so far. With this

settlement go the tombs in Sicily I have just mentioned, with their imported vases; the same sort of pottery in the Lipari Islands, and even as far afield as Ischia. It represents the culmination of Mycenaean western trade, a trade that had its repercussions even in Britain, where Cornish tin may well have been one of the objectives.

The recent investigations in Malta have dispelled a mystery, and put in its place something comprehensible. We can now at least set these great monuments within a reasonable framework, both chronologically and in their relation to other prehistoric communities on the islands and shores of the Mediterranean; we can see their architectural development following in a natural enough manner side by side with the other changes in the material culture of their builders and in response to contacts with the outside world. And this is no small achievement for the combined techniques of archaeology in the museum, the library, and the field. But the archaeological method when unsupported by any historical evidence fails, and must of its nature always fail, to inform us of just those aspects of human life and thought which are the most important in any scale of civilised values.

The prehistory of Malta, then, stands out in second-millennium Europe as one in which we see the development of a religious architec-

ture carried to a pitch unknown elsewhere westward of the Aegean. By some strange chance of individual or collective insular genius, on Malta and Gozo the relatively simple megalithic tomb structure with its blocks of rough-quarried or even unworked stone was transmuted into something which genuinely deserves the title of architecture. A temple is essentially the architectural framework or setting for a set of prescribed ritual acts, and is planned and devised for this purpose. The religion and its ritual comes first; the setting for the ceremonies comes as a consequence. It is surely not fantastic to say that the finesse, the elaboration, and the sophistication implicit in the Maltese temples of the great culminating Tarxien phase must of necessity reflect a correspondingly unique development of ritual and liturgy in the unknown religion which was the compulsive force that brought them into being. There are hints of divination and of oracular chambers, as well as the practice of ritual sleeping in the temple to obtain visions; there are the bones of the sacrificed animals; and the litter of broken pottery must come from offering-bowls and the like; there are the statues of the mother-goddess. For 500 years at least, in the early second millennium B.C., Malta and Gozo must have counted as the most magic and potent island-sanctuaries of the central Mediterranean world.

—Third Programme

By Man Came Death

An Equality of Fear

The second of two talks on the hydrogen bomb, by SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD

IN my first talk* I tried to approach the question, what are we to do about the hydrogen bomb? I had in mind not so much the loss of life, fearful though it would be, as the disorganisation which would follow the destruction of a number of our great cities. We could not recover from such a chaos, especially since we should have to add to it, on the material side, further disorganisation caused by non-atomic weapons; and, on the political side, the violent tidal waves of hatred between nation and nation which these acts of total war would produce.

We must therefore ensure that these newest weapons are never used. We cannot assume that—with this danger hanging over them—human beings, as individuals or in their societies, will suddenly become wiser or better, or that governments will suddenly accept with confidence pledges—unaccompanied by sanctions—from other governments whom they deeply distrust. We shall not get far by securing a pledge that every state will give up such bombs as it may possess and that no state in future will manufacture any bombs. Adequate supervision of a pledge of this kind is as yet hardly possible in peacetime and would break down after a war had started. Moreover, if the possession of these bombs were alone forbidden, governments would concentrate on piling up stocks of other weapons of great destructive power. Hence we should find ourselves led on to devise at once a more general measure of disarmament. In view of the failure of such an attempt twenty years ago, is a Disarmament Conference more likely to succeed today, when mutual distrust between nations is greater than it ever was?

Can we, then, as a nation find safety for ourselves in 'contracting out' of atomic warfare—that is to say, in a policy of unilateral disarmament? The logical conclusion of this policy is 'non-resistance'. Leaving aside the question whether 'non-resistance' is morally good if it means the tolerance of grave evil to third parties, would our own or any other western democratic electorate accept a policy of non-resistance when the electors realised that non-resistance would mean lowering our standards of life? Nothing would be worse than to delude the electorate into thinking that it could retain its standard of life other than by the possession of superior force. Such a delusion would almost certainly be followed by an angry reaction, and we know very well the meaning of the words 'too little and too late'.

I have left over for mention one other solution of grandiose simplicity, but again impracticable here and now, which has been put forward as an immediate answer to our problem: I mean the establishment of a world government. It is hardly worth discussing a proposal of this kind as a way out of our present dilemma. Even if it were possible to leap over so many intermediate stages, and to set up a world government, the political result might be to substitute civil

war for international war or, on the other hand to surrender our existing safeguards of public and private liberty to a centralised executive authority of unparalleled and irresistible strength. Everyone knows, however, that there are no prospects whatever of establishing a world government now. If there were such prospects, the problem with which we are concerned—the danger from the hydrogen bomb—would still exist, though it would have changed its political character.

What, then, can we do to meet this problem? At present we are allowing ourselves to 'drift' without securing even a temporary solution; we are just trusting that no power possessing this instrument will in fact employ it. For the time we can feel fairly sure that this will be the case. Opinion everywhere is appalled at these new potentialities of destruction. It is, indeed, difficult to speak of opinion, other than dictated opinion, in Soviet Russia, but there does seem to be evidence that this fear of the abyss into which we all might fall is present among the governing minority in Russia as well as among wider circles in western Europe and the United States. I live for a half of each year in the eastern United States; it is evident to anyone who reads American books or papers or who talks to Americans that public opinion in the United States is as much concerned as we are with the whole problem of total war—and in some respects more concerned, since America now represents a greater agglomeration of power than we do, and the government of the United States is perhaps more likely than our government to be faced with the dreadful decision whether or not to use these weapons.

There is, I am sure, no doubt that American opinion is deeply anxious that the weapons should not be used. For one thing it is realised in the United States that, as the months and years have passed since Americans lost a monopoly of atomic weapons, the vulnerability of their own cities to attack has increased and that it will also continue to increase. It is no longer a wild exaggeration to say, for example, that Chicago or Detroit might be exposed to attack from across the empty north. After one of the recent hydrogen bomb experiments in the Pacific *The New York Times* published a map of Greater New York showing by means of concentric circles the areas which would be completely obliterated, gravely damaged, or considerably affected if a hydrogen bomb burst in Manhattan. This grim document did not pass unnoticed.

The matter is discussed, however, in the United States as in Great Britain, not only and not even primarily from the point of view of self-preservation, but also in the moral aspect. I think it is necessary to point out these facts, since opinion in Great Britain is inclined from a distance to misjudge or even to overlook the deeper and quieter discussions of policy in the United States. Largely owing to the immense size of their country, Americans do not always reach political

decisions as we reach them. A democracy of over 150,000,000 people, in an area fifty times that of England and Wales, has had to devise means of discovering and testing public opinion—even, if you like, opportunities for letting off steam—which we do not need; but it would be arrogant and silly of us to suppose that we have a monopoly of political wisdom, good will, or sense of responsibility.

Dulled Public Conscience

We are, however, all of us bound to remember how dangerously easy it is for society to accustom itself to a situation, or the prospect of a situation, which, at first, strikes everyone with horror. Most people of my age feel appalled at this habituation during our own lifetime, the alarming ease with which the public conscience, though remaining sensitive in some directions, has become dulled into accepting evils which at first seemed wholly intolerable. I have already mentioned the curious readiness of opinion now to regard a war from which these new weapons were excluded as something less of a moral offence than what is called total war. I can remember—if I may quote an almost ludicrous example—how years ago, in the early days of the use of poison gas, the battery in which I was serving outside Ypres was shelled for some time with gas shells. Then there was a lull, followed by the familiar crash of high explosive. My battery commander, hearing this sound, said with an ironic sigh of relief: 'Ah—a dear old "crump"'.

It is thus not improbable that during the next few years public opinion will become accustomed to this threat of destruction which is overhanging all of us. Hence, if nothing is done here and now, we may fall suddenly into a situation from which, in modern phraseology, there can be 'no return'. It is one of the unanswerable questions of history whether, given more time, the first world war could have been avoided by diplomatic negotiation. The question is not as simple as it appears, since other factors, and above all the political intentions of Germany and Austria-Hungary, were of vital importance, but the 'time-factor'—matters of rapid mobilisation and striking power—may have been decisive.

The 'time-factor', especially in relation to striking power, would loom immensely larger in any future 'crisis' and might cause us to fall into the abyss. It is well to remember that the decision on peace or war must depend on the nerves of human beings—of a few human beings who, however highly placed or remote, are still human beings subject to panic and loss of control as well as to errors of judgement in good faith. Such are the issues at stake that we must also be prepared for a lack of warning, a surprise attack which might bring victory at a stroke. Warning indeed of some kind is probable: no government is likely to confront its own public with total war—a literal bolt from the blue—at a moment of international calm; but the prolonged period through which we are now passing and which, again with surprisingly easy habituation, we call a period of 'cold war', is not one of international calm, and, as we know, a crisis can arise very suddenly. The moment of 'no return' could be upon us before we were aware of its approach. There was a music-hall song before 1914 with light-hearted words about 'trouble in the Balkans in the spring'. Exactly forty years ago to this month the 'trouble' developed with terrible speed into something very different from a song. It is, I think—at all events for the present—against the grave danger of being caught unawares, and of losing control of the course of events so that it becomes the course of fate, that we must take immediate precaution.

Why, indeed, have we been 'drifting' so long? One reason for this paradox of continuous discussion continuously inconclusive is that we have been attempting too much, and that we have forgotten that in politics, to quote a wise saying of John Stuart Mill, there is only 'a certain order of possible progress'. We have been trying to jump the queue. We cannot step at once from complete insecurity to complete security, but we can take the first step, and, as so often, the first may well turn out to have been the most important step.

What is the first step open to us here and now? I suggest—for that matter I suggested it nearly nine years ago, and still see no other means of self-preservation even remotely practicable—an agreement among the powers possessing atomic and post-atomic weapons (or the means of making such weapons) that they will retaliate in kind immediately against any power which first uses these weapons or transfers them for use by another power. This qualification about transfer is necessary, since otherwise a Great Power attempting aggression could keep the letter of its bargain merely by handing over the weapons to a third power in close alliance.

This agreement and pledge would have to be applied without any reference to the political situation which had resulted in war. There might well be no chance even of deciding, in the case of a dispute, which of the parties was in the right. The assumption would have to be that, however just its cause, no nation could take the initiative in using weapons likely, or indeed certain, to endanger the future of civilised society. Let me repeat this, since it is essential. The sanction—immediate retaliation—must come into operation as a result of the first use of the weapon in *any* circumstances—even if this first use were defensive, and against an aggressor who was delivering a heavy attack by methods short of atomic weapons. The sanction is not against war; it is against atomic war.

It is necessary also to be clear that this sanction would have to be applied by the signatory powers in *any* case, however close the political relationship of one or other of the powers concerned to the signatory which had launched the first bomb. Thus, if Great Britain, the United States and Russia, possessed these weapons, and if Great Britain took the initiative in using them against Russia, the United States would be bound to retaliate, in support of Russia against Great Britain. Similarly, if the United States were the first to use the weapons against Russia, Great Britain would be bound to retaliate with Russia against the United States. I have chosen the two most difficult, and for that matter, the two most unlikely, cases. It is desirable to consider a question of this kind in its most difficult and unlikely aspect; one of the mistakes made in the framing of the League Covenant was that it did not sufficiently envisage the hardest cases—Japanese aggression in Manchuria, Italian aggression in Abyssinia.

I might add that there is a parallel, though not a complete parallel, between a pact of this kind and the main Locarno treaty by which we pledged ourselves to defend the eastern frontier of France against an attack by Germany, and to defend this same frontier, regarded as the western frontier of Germany, against an attack by France. As far as it went—though it did not go far enough—this was a good pact, since it offered assurance to Germany as well as to France. It is true that the pact broke down, but it broke down because in 1936 we and the French did not apply it. If we had applied it, we might have avoided a second world war.

Parallel with Locarno

The parallel with Locarno is complete on one point. Our proposed pact must offer equal hope of security to all the signatories, and not only to the United States and ourselves. Anyone can see that from the point of view of Russia, just as much as from our own point of view or that of the United States, a pact of retaliation must be immediate, absolute, and 'unhedged' by conditions if it is to provide assurance. The Russians must feel assured that American signature of the pact is a protection to the Soviet Union against the use of the atomic weapons possessed by us, and that British signature is a protection to the Soviet Union against the use of the weapons possessed by the United States: and so on. We may, and do, regard it as utterly unlikely that either our own government or that of the United States would take the initiative in using the bombs against Russia. The Russians do not share this view. They tell us, on the other hand, that we and the United States are in no danger of attack from them. Neither we nor the Americans feel safe in accepting this assurance. Very well, then, let each of us take account of the other parties' fears. Moreover, the logic of the case demands an absolute pact. The use of these weapons must be regarded as an overriding act of treason to humanity; overriding, that is to say, all other political circumstances. For these latter there would be a possibility of redress; from the employment of post-atomic weapons there could be no redress. Retaliation could destroy the first user of the weapons; it could not repair the damage which the first user had done.

It would be foolish, of course, to regard a pact of instant retaliation as anything more than a temporary *modus vivendi*—in a very literal sense. There can indeed be no certainty that the pact would be observed. The experience of the second world war shows the length of folly to which States will go, under pressure of a frightened public opinion, in an effort to preserve a neutrality of which they are almost certain to be deprived very soon and in less favourable circumstances by the force of events. Nevertheless a potential aggressor would never be sure that he could, as it were, 'get away with it', and that the pact of instant retaliation would not be honoured; he would be unlikely to take the enormous risk involved in such an assumption. With such high stakes, the chances are thus overwhelmingly great that a deterrent pact of this kind would never be put to the test. Obviously, our whole purpose is

that it should not be put to the test. It is the strongest form of deterrent open to us, since it is based upon the idea expressed once and for all by Thomas Hobbes, 'the force of words being too weak to hold men to ... their covenants, the passion to be reckoned upon is fear'. For that matter, other defensive pacts—and, to a considerable extent, the old conception of a balance of power which no state could safely disturb—have had a similar basis.

'We Cannot Afford Long Delays'

The pact would have no reference to disarmament or to any limitation of armaments. It is undesirable that it should have any such reference. I have already mentioned the countless practical difficulties in the way of securing a large-scale reduction or limitation of armaments. Let me remind you how long the last disarmament negotiations dragged on. The so-called Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference was appointed in 1925, met in 1926, and continued its preparatory work until the end of 1930. Even after these long deliberations it produced almost nothing of value for the main conference. This main Disarmament Conference met in 1932, jolted on uneasily, and came to a stop in 1934. It did not even have a tidy end. It just faded out. As I have said, we cannot afford these long delays. Nearly nine years have gone by already since the first use of the atomic bomb in war. The point is, however, that the failure hitherto of proposals for disarmament had been due primarily to the reluctance of every power to give up what it believes to be its own means of defence. Our proposed pact asks for nothing of the kind. By leaving on one side the question of the manufacture and possession of 'post-atomic' weapons, we should not be asking any one of the signatories to give up what I might call the final line of insurance—the power of retaliation in kind on their own account in the event of the breakdown of the pact.

There are shortcomings and inconsistencies in this plan which I have suggested. Politics—international politics—are never tidy; the international lawyers, political philosophers, and others who have tried to tidy them have not been very successful. Hence I do not find it a decisive objection to a proposed pact of immediate retaliation against the first user of post-atomic weapons that, as I have pointed out, there is no clear dividing line between the horrors of atomic weapons and those of a war fought with—saving the term—'improved' types of the weapons—V.2.s and the like—used in Europe in 1945. I have said that delivery from the utter havoc of hydrogen bombs would be only a relative benefit if we were not at all secured against these other forms of destruction, or, as far as we are concerned in Britain, if we had to face a much more serious threat than in the last two world wars from air and submarine warfare against our shipping and essential imports.

Nevertheless, by obtaining what is likely to be a real protection against the hydrogen bomb, we should have achieved something, just as our medieval ancestors achieved something by the so-called 'Truce of God' which suspended private war on certain high days and festivals. The fact that our achievement would be seen only as a stage in a long progress—putting out an outbreak of fire rather than designing a fire-proof building—would make further advance easier. In any case, once we can get to terms of some sort of agreement with Soviet Russia on a level of equality of interest or, if you like, equality of fear, we have opened the way to further discussions, and, above all, provided an opportunity for these discussions to take place without the corroding suspicion, all the time, that one party is trying to steal a march on the other by persuading him to abandon essential means of self-protection.

We should also have changed the character of our discussions by negotiating on the basis that the Great Powers and many of the smaller powers are in equal danger; the 'equality of fear' is real, and the fears are not unreasonable. It is not cowardice on the part of a burnt child to dread the fire. In a sense we should be doing what the advocates of a world government are always asking us to do: that is to say, we should be thinking in terms of a common world interest, and taking a step forward on the long road which might ultimately bring the question of peace and war out of politics—as we must ultimately bring so many other questions out of politics: questions such as the level of population in the world, the conservation of natural resources, the maintenance of a certain general standard of living.

I wish I had time to go more fully into this particular matter of a change of outlook. There is an old comment that war is the mother of invention. This saying is, in a sense, true—as true and as untrue as the paradox that the invention of gunpowder was one of the greatest triumphs of mind over matter, since it marked more clearly than any previous development in war the superiority of intelligence over mere

bodily force. The point to notice is that changes in the instruments of warfare have compelled states to alter, sometimes for the better, their manner of political thinking. Private war, such as the wars of rival baronial factions, became impossible in Europe when the cost of maintaining armies went beyond the reach of individuals. The rise of professional standing armies changed much of the political structure of Europe, and the later development of large conscript forces, nations in arms, has again had profound political consequences.

The newer inventions of our own day are bound to have a similar effect in changing our political outlook, but such changes must come slowly. The most we can do is to accelerate the movement of opinion towards the realisation that, although we need not go to the other extreme and abandon national sovereignty, war between nations is an out-of-date conception, since the use of violence is now far too hazardous for everyone, and victory may well be indistinguishable from defeat.

I have spoken about taking the question of war and peace out of politics. This may seem absurd and even impossible. Let me put it in a slightly different form by saying that we must take the question of war and peace out of what we call, somewhat vaguely, 'power politics'. Many important international relationships already have been taken out of 'power politics'. Consider one institution which has functioned quietly and unostentatiously for more than a century. I mean the International Postal Union. Few people even know where the headquarters of this Union are located, or how many people it employs, yet a stranger can post a letter in one foreign country and feel confident that it will be quickly and safely delivered in another foreign country. We cannot get the question of war and peace down to this humdrum administrative level, but we can take some of the poison out of it, if we regard it from an administrative point of view. It is an understatement to describe war as a common nuisance, but we have more chance of getting rid of it if we start from this consideration.

'Time's Wingèd Chariot . . .'

I should like to be able to enlarge on this change of outlook. I am concerned, however, with doing something now, with an emergency measure to safeguard us from an immediate and very grave danger, and not with the slow change of political attitude which must ultimately bring all international relations into an administrative category and, one might say, equate the world's Ministries of Foreign Affairs with the world's post offices. I must repeat, however, that we cannot any longer put off dealing with the emergency. Andrew Marvell's superb lines apply to us more sharply than to any earlier generation:

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near . . .

Perhaps, as a last word, I may use a less majestic simile. When I was a child I used to amuse myself with the game of 'snakes and ladders'. My board had a snake with his mouth open on the very square before the winning point. If you got on this square you slithered right down the snake to the start. I often think that the course of human history is after this fashion. People have begun to deny the concept of 'progress' because they have assumed, wrongly, that the more you advance, the safer you should become. Progress does not mean, and never has meant, increased safety: it has always been bought at the price of greater risk. If the risks are higher now than ever before, we need not play the coward about them, and we had better not play the fool. Above all, we cannot leave our fate to a chance throw of the iron dice of war.

—Home Service

The late Mrs. Margaret S. Anderson's book *Splendour of Earth* (Philip, 25s.) is an anthology of travel: few of us, the author explains, can hope to see the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Mountains of the Moon, or the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, and if we wish to know what they are like we must be content with descriptions and pictures of them. 'This book', she writes, 'has been compiled to provide a few descriptions as aids to the imagination'. There are nearly 400 descriptions, set out under such general headings as Climate; Wind; Oceans and Seas; Islands; Earthquakes, Volcanoes and Hot Springs; and so on. The authors—over 100 of them—from whose works excerpts have been taken include Hilaire Belloc (on the Ebro plain); Robert Bridges (on London snow); E. M. Forster (on the Grand Canyon—an extract from a talk reproduced in *THE LISTENER*); Lord Grey of Fallodon (on English chalk streams); Kipling (on the Himalayas); Nansen (on sea-ice and the polar current); H. M. Tomlinson (on the Amazon)—to mention but a few. The general reader—as well as the student of geography—will find much here to interest and please. The book is well indexed and contains maps showing the places referred to in the text.

NEWS DIARY

July 28–August 3

Wednesday, July 28

Proposals for a new constitution for Cyprus are announced in Parliament

New Ministerial appointments published: Mr. Lennox-Boyd succeeds Mr. Lyttelton as Secretary of State for the Colonies

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh leaves for tour of Canada

Thursday, July 29

Commons debate terms of Anglo-Egyptian agreement. Twenty-six Conservative M.P.s vote against the Government

Chinese Government refuses to accept Note of protest from the United States

Mr. Syngman Rhee, President of the South Korean Republic, addresses joint session of U.S. Congress

Friday, July 30

Parliament adjourns for summer recess

Minister of Supply announces that arrangements have been completed for closer co-operation with the U.S. Government on guided missiles

U.S. Senate empowers President Eisenhower to take action to restore sovereignty to Germany

Saturday, July 31

M. Mendès-France flies to Tunisia to see the Bey; he promises Tunisia self-government in home affairs

French Government tables a bill to give itself power to govern by decree on economic questions

Sunday, August 1

Bey of Tunisia begins formation of government

Police, after serving writ of habeas corpus on master, take stowaway off Polish ship moored in Thames

Death of Sir Henry Clay, the economist

Monday, August 2

British and Egyptian officials discuss recruiting labour to help in evacuation of Suez Canal Zone

U.S. Senate debates motion censuring Senator McCarthy

Indian nationalists occupy Portuguese town in territory north of Bombay

Tuesday, August 3

The Government of Colonel Armas offers concessions to regular army after fighting in Guatemala city

Greek-language Cyprus newspapers suspend publication as protest against sedition laws

Italian party reports success in climbing K2, second highest peak in the world



Mr. Antony Head, Secretary of State for War, and Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, shaking hands after initialing an agreement in Cairo on July 27 on the principles of a treaty for the evacuation of British troops from the Suez Canal zone. Under the terms of the treaty the troops will be withdrawn from Egyptian territory within twenty months from the date of signature



A view of one of the two crude oil distillation units of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's new refinery at Aden which started to operate last week, four months ahead of schedule. The distillation units are the first in the world to be electronically controlled. The refinery will have an annual capacity of 5,000,000 tons

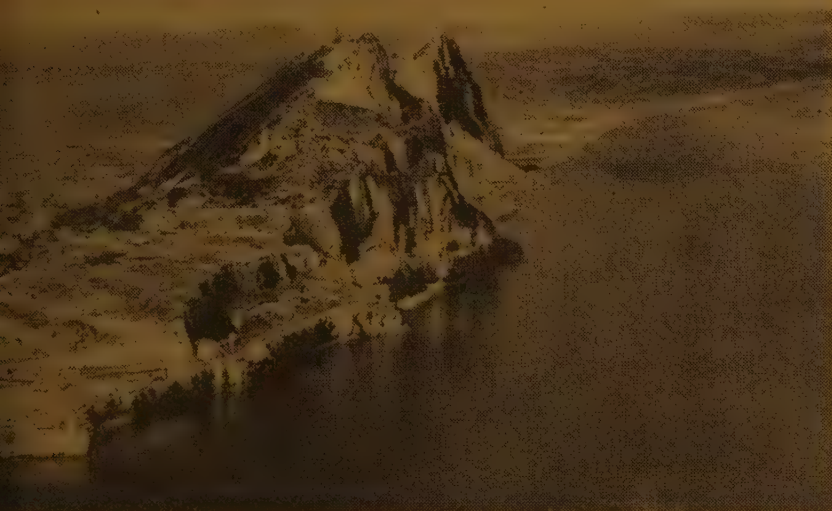
Right: a general view of the Empire stadium at Vancouver, Canada, as the teams lined up on July 30 for the opening ceremony of the British Empire and Commonwealth Games

M. Mendès-France Government's pro Tunisian and Mo

An aerial view of Gibraltar 250th anniversary as a



French Prime Minister (centre) reading to the Bey of Tunis on July 31 the French decree granting internal autonomy to Tunisia. On the left are M. Fouchet, Minister for Foreign Affairs (partly visible), and Marshal Juin, former Resident-General in Morocco, who accompanied M. Mendès-France on his journey to Tunis



Celebrations took place on July 24 to mark the Rock's liberation. To the left of the photograph ships of the Home Fleet can be seen in harbour



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who is making a three-week tour of Canada, photographed when he was having his shoes tested for radioactivity during his visit to the atomic energy plant at Chalk River, Ontario, on July 30



Cley Hill, between Warminster and Frome, which has been given to the National Trust by Lord Bath: 800 feet high, it commands fine views of the surrounding country-side

Left: 'Samson Slaying a Philistine', a marble group by the Italian sculptor Giovanni Bologna (1524-1608) which was recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, and is now on view for the first time. It is an outstanding addition to the museum's collection and was purchased for £25,000

'We Intend to Stay Together'

The Rt. Rev. G. K. A. BELL, Bishop of Chichester, on the ecumenical movement

AT a time when there is so much talk about communism, racial discrimination, war and hydrogen bombs, what can the Churches do or say that is particularly relevant? And, anyhow, does it matter very much whether they either come or stay together? These questions are fair enough, and I am going to try and give you an answer. I start with a quotation from a speech in the House of Lords by Lord Samuel, a member of the Jewish community, just after the first assembly of the World Council of Churches in August, 1948. The following month, in a debate on the international situation, he referred to that meeting in these words:

I believe that nothing has happened in recent years more profoundly significant than the meeting at Amsterdam of the World Council of Churches. It may prove that no event of recent years has been of greater ultimate importance, because it indicates a much-needed movement of the human spirit; and that is what matters more than anything else.

This Second Assembly at Evanston* is a further step forward in the much-needed movement of the human spirit. And, taking the long-term view, the reason why that matters more than anything else is because it profoundly affects the whole of man's attitude to war, communism, the race question, and everything else, including hydrogen bombs. I think Lord Samuel was also impressed, partly at least, because he saw all the great Christian Churches, except the Church of Rome, coming together for a serious treatment of human problems on a world scale. So it is that coming together, and what has led up to it, that I want to discuss.

Scandal of Disunity

The scandal of disunity has been felt in all ages by faithful Christians of many Churches. Disunity began in a small way quite early in Christian history. But there are two breaches of Christian unity of outstanding importance. The first happened in 1054, 900 years ago. It is called the Great Schism, and involved the splitting of the Christian Church into two huge sections. There was the eastern section, covering the countries of eastern Europe and including Egypt and Syria, with Constantinople as its chief see. It is known as the Orthodox Church. And there was the western section known as the Catholic Church, covering all western Europe, with its centre in Rome. The cause of the division was partly political, but the actual point on which the differences were focused was a clause in the Creed. Various attempts were made to bring east and west together during the next 500 years, but they had no success. And ever since then, the eastern section, *i.e.*, the Orthodox Church, has continued more or less unchanged.

It has been a very different matter with the western section. Five hundred years later—in the sixteenth century—a second great convulsion took place within that section. It was a revolt mainly religious, but partly political, against the claims of the Pope of Rome. It is called the Reformation. It led to the rise of strong Protestant Churches in Germany, France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Scandinavia, and other countries. Some were called Lutheran (after their founder, Martin Luther); others Reformed or Calvinist (after John Calvin); while the Church of England kept a kind of middle way between Protestant and Catholic. The result of the Reformation was a very deep wound in the whole Christian society in western and northern Europe. The Protestant Churches themselves were later further divided.

All these divisions in the west were reproduced in later times in the mission field of Africa and Asia, and in the new world of America, and the continent of Australasia. You can imagine the tremendous hindrance which such deep divisions cause in the way of advancing the Christian faith. Here, too, various attempts have been made to heal the divisions but, up to the present century, with little success.

It is the outstanding feature in the life of the Christian Church in the present century that a great new movement is taking place to draw all the Churches of the world together in both east and west. It is a

world-wide movement, and so has been given the name of ecumenical—the Greek word for world-wide. It is a movement, however, in which the Churches concerned have been the Protestant Churches, including the Anglican Church, in the western section, and the Orthodox Churches in the eastern section. The Roman Catholic Church itself takes no part in ecumenical conferences. It holds the view that the only way to Christian unity is submission to the Pope. But it does permit informal counsel, under strict conditions, between those of other Churches and Roman Catholics, concerning the social order and similar questions.

The First Step

The principal moments in the growth of this new movement for world-wide Christian fellowship are easily described. The first big step was taken at Edinburgh in 1910, when a world conference of missionary societies (mostly Protestant) met to consider how they could perform their common task in a co-ordinated fashion when face to face with the non-Christian religions. The next step was later in 1910, at Cincinnati, U.S.A., when an American missionary bishop, Charles Henry Brent, told the General Convention of the American Episcopal Church how the world missionary conference had given him a vision of one church universal, containing all Christians, with a common agreement on matters of fundamental faith and fundamental church order. And so what is called the 'Faith and Order' movement began.

Thirdly, at about the same time Christian thinkers in Europe and America had been considering the necessity of a new world order founded on a Christian philosophy of life. And at the very outset of the first world war, a World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches was formed.

The first world war brought a sharp check to these various efforts; but at its close new and important moves were made both from the Protestant and Orthodox sides. In 1919, at a meeting of the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches in Holland, at which I was present, an appeal was made by the head of the Swedish Church, Archbishop Soderblom. He urged that there was no time to wait for agreement on faith and order. The Churches must co-operate on moral and social problems. So he advocated the calling of a world conference on practical Christianity. And, about the same time, the Orthodox leaders at Constantinople published a proposal for a League of Churches to be formed irrespective of differences of doctrine. Thus, the hopes for the advancement of Christian unity were very much in the air during the years immediately before and after the first world war.

I need not trouble you with an account of the stages by which they came to take more concrete form. It is enough to say that, thanks to the determination and devotion of pioneers of different Churches, especially in Europe and in the United States, besides the World Missionary Conferences, four World Conferences of Churches were in fact held between the two world wars, two of them dealing with practical Christianity, or life and work, and two with faith and order. In every one of these the Orthodox as well as the Protestant, Anglican, and Old Catholic Churches took part.

Formation of a World Council

At the last of these conferences, before the war, both movements decided to join their forces, with a view to the formation of a World Council of Churches containing both. A Provisional Committee was formed, and a provisional constitution for the World Council drawn up just before the outbreak of the second world war in 1939. The second world war once again brought about a great check. But thanks to the fellowship already established, the attitude of the Churches in the countries on both sides was very different from what it had been in the first world war. Immediately after the end of the war, church leaders from countries on different sides resumed their personal con-

* The Second Assembly of the World Council of Churches will be held at Evanston, Illinois, August 15-31

tact. Plans for mutual help already made through the offices of the Provisional Committee were carried out on a large scale. Millions of dollars and Swiss francs were raised and spent on church reconstruction in Norway, Holland, Finland, Germany, Austria, and elsewhere. A meeting of the Provisional Committee was held in Geneva at the beginning of 1946, including an unforgettable service in the Protestant Cathedral at Geneva, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Greek Archbishop Germanos, Swiss Church leaders, a Chinese Christian, Bishop Berggrav, and Martin Niemöller all took part. It was then that the decision was taken to hold the first meeting of the World Council of Churches in 1948. A little later an invitation from the Dutch Churches to hold it at Amsterdam was accepted.

So on August 23, 1948, the representatives of 147 Churches met to bring the World Council of Churches into being. Including consultants and alternates, about 1,200 were present. The Churches were, as I have explained, very different in their doctrine and ministry. But they agreed to join together in the World Council on the basis of a common belief in Jesus Christ as God and Saviour. The principal functions of the World Council were defined as (1) to carry on the work of the two world movements for faith and order and for life and work; (2) to facilitate common action by the Churches; (3) to promote co-operation in study. The occasion was momentous in Christian history. Archbishops, moderators, and presidents, laymen and ministers of every colour and race sat side by side. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided over the session which accepted the constitution, and the chairmen of other sessions included the heads of the Swedish Lutheran Church, the French Reformed Church, a Greek Orthodox Archbishop representing Constantinople, and leaders of the Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, and other denominations. The Roman Catholic Church was not represented. The Russian Orthodox Church had also declined to take part. But there were representatives of Churches in eastern Europe as well as western, and nationals from Churches in Asia and Africa.

'Man's Disorder and God's Design'

The general theme governing all the other subjects for discussion was 'Man's disorder and God's design'; and in the four main sessions, 'the disunity of the Churches', the 'Church's witness', the 'Church and the disorder of society' and 'international disorder' were debated. One of the highlights in the plenary sessions was an intellectual duel (as it seemed) between Mr. Foster Dulles of U.S.A., who has always been a keen advocate of the World Council of Churches, and Professor Hromadka of Czechoslovakia. Mr. Dulles, after stating that there was no such thing as a holy war and that there was no reason to think that a new war would accomplish any good, described the virtues of western democracy. Professor Hromadka challenged the western ideology. No gold, or silk, or iron curtains, he said, must separate Christians. But, he urged, the end of western supremacy was approaching, and in future the west must share world responsibility with the east. At the end of the ten days' session, the Assembly issued a message to the Churches in which the following paragraph stands out:

Here at Amsterdam we have committed ourselves afresh to Christ, and have covenanted with one another in constituting this World Council of Churches. We intend to stay together.

During the six years since Amsterdam, this pledge has been fulfilled. An immense amount of work has been done to help the Churches which have been in any distress, and particularly in assisting the displaced persons and refugees of many nationalities. Another highly important work is that of the Churches' Commission on International Affairs, which works in close touch with United Nations, and is continually engaged in bringing the Churches' influence to bear on points of international danger and in defence of human rights and religious liberty. The principal organ of the World Council's activity during these six years has been the Central Committee. It consists of ninety persons, lay and clerical, and a remarkable fraternity and sense of mutual trust has developed, enabling the members to face and discuss the most controversial matters, racial and international as well as ecclesiastical, with complete frankness. Its meetings have always included representatives of the Churches in countries behind the Iron Curtain; and the evidence is clear that it is just in this kind of Christian forum that international differences are best faced and resolved.

And now the Second Assembly of the World Council is being held at Evanston. It cannot fail to be a meeting of great significance. It has been well prepared, and more than 160 Churches are now to be represented. The temper in which the delegates meet is of high importance.

The theme on which their attention is to be chiefly fixed is 'Christ—the hope of the world'. And there are other subjects on which the opinion of the Churches is invited, such as the race question in Africa; the question of peace and war, including the hydrogen bomb; the responsible society in a world perspective; our unity in Christ, and our disunity as churches. It is my own profound longing that, as it meets today in a divided world, the word which sounds forth from the Evanston Assembly may be a word of hope and justice and peace. And I believe it will be.—*Home Service*

Social Development

(continued from page 201)

I do not want to give the impression that the social effects of development in these under-developed countries are always those of strain and difficulty. Many opportunities are created for the energy and talents of categories of people who may have had much less opportunity under the old conditions. Young men come more to the fore; people outside the traditional aristocracy, or other hierarchy, often show their powers to better advantage; women often can take much more important roles. New *élites* emerge, and there is often the growth of a new class structure along lines of differentiation in occupation, income, education. New forms of association are also created, to meet the wants and aspirations of people for whom the traditional institutions no longer are fully satisfactory. But the approach is not wholly on the rational plane. In the search for new social forms which shall give expression to what are felt to be the problems and needs of the contemporary situation the people often turn to the religious sphere. But they do so in ways which are often unorthodox from the western point of view. They form dissident churches, like the Maori or South African Bantu; they practise special cults which, like those of the Central American Indians, are based on their traditional religion and run parallel to the Catholic faith to which they all adhere. In their various ways, they all look in the realm of faith for the solution of their troubles which they cannot find in the world of men.

I hope I have made it clear how the social anthropologist comes to be concerned with these problems of development. In these under-developed countries, where so much of his work is carried on, he inevitably comes up against these human problems. He lives among the people. His methods include close, systematic observation of how the people behave. From his comparative studies he knows how to analyse the changing structure of their society and the way they organise their affairs to meet the problems of a changing technology. So he is able, better than most, to get down 'among the grass roots', as we might say. The results of such anthropological analysis are now quite extensive. More and more they are being used by governments and by international agencies and private industries to help them to understand the nature of these development problems. It is so with the Maori, the Eskimo, the American Indians, and peoples of Africa, New Guinea, and elsewhere. But there is still much more scope and need for anthropologists in such work—to study the structure and the values and the organisation of activity of communities undergoing development, so as to give a sound foundation for experiment and change. Control of these effects is not easy. But it is certain that without correct diagnosis, the chances of comparison, intelligent anticipation, and control are greatly lessened.

For action to be effective in the long run, one thing is also very necessary—an enlightened public opinion in the more developed countries, which can understand the social and economic issues as well as the technical difficulties of development and can appreciate the need for proper study of them.—*Third Programme*

Among recent books are: *British Immigrants in Industrial America 1790-1950*, by Rowland Tappan Berthoff (Oxford, 40s.); *Reproduction and Sex*, by G. I. M. Swyer (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.); *Japanese Food Management in World War II*, by Bruce F. Johnston (Oxford, 60s.); *Stresemann and the Revision of Versailles*, by Harry L. Bretton (Oxford, 24s.), and *Psychical Research Today*, by D. J. West (Duckworth, 12s. 6d.). A brilliantly readable new translation by Aubrey de Selincourt of *The Histories of Herodotus* has been published as a Penguin Classic at 5s. That useful book *The Statesman's Year Book*, edited by S. H. Steinberg, has appeared in its ninety-first annual edition for the year 1954 (Macmillan, 42s.).

An Eighteenth-century Satirist

DOUGLAS GRANT on Charles Churchill

THE literary sensation of March 1761 was 'The Rosciad' and its anonymous author. Who had written—who among contemporary poets was capable of writing—this satire on the actors; a satire, its readers said, comparable to 'The Dunciad'? Whoever he was, the poet obviously had an unusual knowledge of the theatre. Tones, gestures, attitudes, expressions—nothing seemed to have escaped his attention; and each actor's peculiarities were described with a wit and a lack of respect for reputation which delighted and staggered the public. The poet admired Garrick among the men, and Hannah Pritchard, Susanna Cibber, and one or two more among the women, but for the rest he had contempt, or, at the best, praise qualified almost out of existence. And how they complained of their treatment; running all over the town, as one of them put it, 'like so many stricken deer'—the best possible advertisement for the poem.

A tactless review in *The Critical Review* gave Charles Churchill the chance to follow up his success. He put his name to the second edition of the poem, and published, in May, 'The Apology, addressed to the Critical Reviewers', in which he attacked with remarkable virulence and skill the *Review* and, particularly, its editor, Tobias Smollett. By this time the hackwriters had settled like crows on the controversy started by 'The Rosciad', and their jealous clamour made the public more curious than ever to learn about Churchill.

The most surprising thing to be learnt about him was that he was in the Church, officiating as curate and lecturer of St. John's, Westminster. It was rumoured—and for once rumour was right—that he had made a Fleet marriage in 1748 at the age of sixteen with an extravagant girl called Martha Scott, which had cut short his career at Cambridge. Also, it was known that he had nearly been arrested for debt just before the publication of 'The Rosciad': in fact, the poem would probably not have been written at all but for his bankruptcy. Helped out by a few more details, it was possible to sketch a bare but satisfactory impression of his early life—a life spent as an obscure priest and made miserable by poverty, by an incompatible marriage, and by bitter rebelliousness against his condition. As for poetry, there was hardly a trace of it.

A greater transformation could not be imagined. The fame and profits earned by 'The Rosciad' and 'The Apology' acted wonderfully upon his character, releasing in a moment his passionate recklessness and, what is more important, his creative power. He separated from his wife and, putting aside his clerical dress, stepped out as a man about town. His powerful, clumsy figure was soon well known in the fashionable resorts. He appeared wearing a blue coat 'edged with narrow gold lace', a buff waistcoat, black silk small-clothes, white silk stockings, small silver shoe-buckles, and a gold-laced three-cornered hat. Completely fearless—he was not nicknamed the 'Bruiser' for nothing—and greedy for pleasure, he descended into the subterranean world of vice and viciousness, that honeycomb of reeking cellars which lay below the eighteenth-century's classical edifices of order and reason. Among the societies which he frequented was the Hell Fire Club, which used

to meet at Medmenham Abbey near Marlow on the Thames. The members, true 'choice spirits', who included some notable names, gave a spice to their celebrations by parodying 'the rites of foreign religious orders; of the Franciscans in particular', out of compliment to the founder, Sir Francis Dashwood. And after this clue to his behaviour, it is hardly surprising to find Churchill enjoying the disastrous favours of courtesans like Lucy Cooper, and others known only by their initials or Christian names.

At some point in his obscure journey he met another but a much more cautious traveller, John Wilkes, M.P. for Aylesbury. The date of their first meeting is not known but they were certainly on friendly terms by June 5, 1762, when the first number of *The North Briton* appeared under their joint editorship. And from that time until Churchill's death in 1764 they corresponded regularly. The correspondence is an invaluable commentary on Churchill's career—an invaluable but a partial commentary, and also a rather unsavoury one.

The friendship was mutual and, within limits, sincere. Wilkes, for example, could write in 1764: 'We were ever constant and warm friends. I have often reflected with pleasure, that I cannot recollect a single clouded day between us'. But the real loyalty and affection were all Churchill's: Wilkes responding as deeply as his essentially shallow nature allowed. He admired Churchill's poetry and was delighted to be publicly praised and defended by him, but he was also shrewdly determined to make him serve his own ends. As long as he had a use for him he was his 'dear Churchill', and then . . . ? The answer to that question is given by the way in which he satisfied Churchill's death-bed request that he should edit his works. 'My life shall be dedicated' to the task, he wrote tearfully, moved by the scene which he had just witnessed; but apart from scribbling a



Charles Churchill (1731-1764), by J. S. C. Schaak
National Portrait Gallery

few paltry notes which tended to glorify himself, he did nothing.

But there was no thought of death-beds in June 1762. Once a week until the following April, Wilkes and Churchill harried the Bute Administration in *The North Briton*. Wilkes directed the policy and wrote the more important papers, and Churchill supervised, at his convenience, the production and wrote at Wilkes' request. He wrote very well. 'I admir'd exceedingly what I read last Saturday', Wilkes wrote to him on one occasion, after a particularly bold attack on Lord Bute. 'Are you determin'd to have the palm of prose, as well as of poetry?' But infinitely more important than his papers in *The North Briton* was the effect of this apprenticeship to political journalism on his poetry. The state of politics at the beginning of George III's reign offered so many opportunities for satire that Churchill would have inevitably been drawn into the struggle, but he might not have become so thoroughly involved had it not been for Wilkes' influence. By ranging himself beside Wilkes, he became in effect the poet of his cause, and under his tuition he acquired the intimate knowledge necessary to writing with authority.

The first result of this training was *The Prophecy of Famine*, published in January 1763. The poem was written slowly—at least by

Churchill's standards. It is mentioned first by Wilkes on October 10, 1762: 'I am beyond imagination proud that the Eclogue is to be inscribed to me', he wrote. 'I desire all mankind may know that I am honour'd by your friendship'. The idea of the poem was originally intended to be used in a number of *The North Briton*; and the poem is really the quintessence of *The North Briton* as a whole, ridiculing the Scots, in order to heighten Lord Bute's unpopularity, with a speed and gaiety unattainable in prose. In many ways it is his most attractive poem; he never wrote such light and poetic satire again. Even the Scots found it palatable—those of them, that is, who had kept their sense of humour. A nice story of this time is of Churchill dressing his younger son as a little Highlander and taking him about with him. When the boy was asked why he was dressed in that costume, he replied, 'with great vivacity'; 'Sir, my father hates the Scotch and does it to plague them'.

Wilkes and Churchill could afford to be high-spirited at the beginning of 1763. Buoyed up by popular support and unintimidated by threats of prosecution, they pressed home their attack with extraordinary recklessness. At last they overreached themselves. On April 30 Wilkes was arrested on a general warrant for writing *The North Briton*, No. 45, and was imprisoned in the Tower—Churchill narrowly escaping the same fate. Wilkes was not confined for long. He was brought before the Court of Common Pleas on a writ of *habeas corpus* on May 6 and was discharged on the grounds that his arrest was a breach of parliamentary privilege.

Sitting in the gallery of the Court when Wilkes appeared before it was William Hogarth. Hogarth had an old score to pay off. In September of the previous year he had published, in spite of Wilkes' friendly warnings, his political print, 'The Times', a satire on William Pitt. Immediately after the print was published, Wilkes wrote to Churchill: 'Hogarth has begun the attack today—I shall attack him in hobbling prose, you will I hope in smooth-pac'd verse'. Wilkes carried out his intention and thoroughly trounced Hogarth in *The North Briton*, No. 17. Hogarth was deeply hurt by the paper and Wilkes' arrest gave him the chance of revenge. As he sat in Court, he drew his famous caricature-portrait of Wilkes, which Wilkes, with his usual wit, allowed 'to be an excellent compound caricature, or a caricature of what Nature had already caricatured'.

But Hogarth had unfortunately forgotten Churchill's 'smooth-pac'd verse', and his caricature was no sooner published than Churchill announced in a series of intimidating advertisements that he would shortly address an epistle to him. He wrote the poem very quickly. 'I am now at Kingston', he reported to Wilkes towards the end of May. 'My Head is full of Hogarth, and as I like not his Company I believe I shall get him on Paper . . . I have laid in a great stock of gall and do not intend to spare it on this occasion . . . he shall be welcome to every drop of it'.

'An Epistle to William Hogarth' appeared at the end of June; a coherent, dramatic poem, which struck mercilessly at Hogarth's well-known weaknesses—at his arrogance, his conceit, his greed for praise. There is none of the gaiety of 'The Prophecy of Famine' in it; it is entirely sombre and revengeful in mood. Hogarth retaliated as well as he was able. He furbished up an old plate and exhibited Churchill to the world in the disguise of a drunken, dishevelled bear.



Hogarth's caricature-portrait of John Wilkes, M.P. for Aylesbury



'The Bruiser, C. Churchill (once the Rev:d) in the Character of a Russian Hercules': Hogarth's representation of Churchill as 'a drunken, dishevelled bear'

This bullying, bragging, adolescent letter is typical of the more unpleasant side of his character; and yet it should not be allowed to hide the chivalrous impulse that was also behind his affair with the girl. Apparently, she threw herself on him to avoid being forced by her family into marriage with a man much older than herself, and, having been appealed to, Churchill felt bound to take her under his protection. A reading of his poetry certainly encourages this interpretation of his conduct. On the whole, the impression we get from it is favourable to him. He was wild and truculent enough but he was also honest and generous.

The elopement marked the beginning of his last year, and his industry during this period was extraordinary. Hardly a month passed without the publication of a new poem. By this time, of course, he was absolutely certain of his public. He described his John Bull-ish appearance for his readers' amusement, and won their sympathy by playing on their national prejudices; and grossly flattered them by acknowledging his indebtedness to their patronage:

All private Patronage my Soul defies,
By Candour more inclin'd to save, than damn,
A gen'rous Public made me what I am.

And he had every reason to be grateful to the public. He was able to live in greater comfort than most poets and left enough money at his death to provide for his wife and family and his mistress—a remarkable achievement.

Some of the poems were inevitably little more than pot-boilers but 'The Candidate', though falling short of the high standard of 'An Epistle to Hogarth', was written in his best style—an excellent indi-

vidual style, which, in intention at least, looked back beyond Pope to Dryden for a model. Churchill's dislike of Pope, which amounted to intense personal animosity, is one of his most curious characteristics. At one time he was proposing to attack Pope's memory in verse, and said openly that he wished Pope was still alive, 'for he would not only have a struggle with him for pre-eminence, but endeavour to break his heart'. In this way he was one of the leaders of the revolt against Pope, which was to become so important later on.

Of greater interest than his topical satires was the long poem 'Gotham', published in three separate books—a poem which he obviously wrote only to please himself. William Cowper's praise of 'Gotham' as 'a noble and beautiful poem' may be thought exaggerated but at least it points out what is too often forgotten, that Churchill was a poet and not a mere political skirmisher in verse.

By the end of 1764 he had completely undermined his splendid constitution by dissipation and overwork. His health had been giving his friends cause for alarm for some time. 'I beg you to take care of yourself, especially your health, which you are too neglectful of', Wilkes warned him, 'and I ought to chide you that you have so little heeded

my wise admonitions, who love the rose, but hate the pins and needles of the prickly thorn'. The warning neatly illustrates the difference between the two men. Rumours of Churchill's threatened collapse reached Garrick abroad and he wrote home to ask: 'Where is the bold Churchill?—what a noble ruin! When he is quite undone, you shall send him here, and he shall be shown among the great fragments of Roman genius. Magnificent in ruin!' Churchill himself was conscious that he had reached the end: at least, his deep reluctance to accept Wilkes' repeated badgering invitations to visit him in France, and the refrain of his unfinished poem, 'The Journey'—'I on my Journey all Alone proceed'—seem to show that he had had an intimation of his approaching death.

He set out to visit Wilkes at Boulogne on October 22, 1764 but the day before he was due to return he was taken ill. He died on November 4. He was only thirty-two. His body was brought back to England and buried at Dover; the newspapers reporting that 'the Principal Inhabitants of that Place, as a Mark of their Esteem, attended his Corpse to the Grave'. His simple gravestone carried a line from his own poetry: 'Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies'.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in

THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Decline of Lysenko

Sir,—Dr. Ashby's reply (THE LISTENER, July 29) may leave your readers somewhat puzzled; so I had better recapitulate the position. I had made four points: (1) I had doubted that Lysenko's help to Russian agriculture was decisive; (2) I had said that irrespective of this being true or not, there was no necessity for letting him impose his theories on Russian scientists; (3) that in 1943 Lysenko hounded to death the great Russian scientist, N. I. Vavilov, for opposing his theories; (4) that Lysenko's ravages formed part of a campaign of ideological terror imposed on various arts and sciences, and must be accounted for in this context. In his reply Dr. Ashby expresses some disagreement with my first point; but this is immaterial to the validity of the other three, which are not contested by him.

On these grounds Dr. Ashby has now raised an interesting question (which he seems to have had in mind all along); namely, how it is that a great deal of sound work based on grounds anathematised by Lysenko, could be carried on in face of the ideological terror which led to Vavilov's destruction. Dr. Ashby suggests that this fact makes it 'more difficult than ever to understand the Russian people'.

Actually, the practice of quietly talking sense even while paying loud lip service to official madness is an invariable characteristic of intellectual life under ideological tyranny. Czeslaw Milosz made a classic study of its various forms in *The Captive Mind*, and called it 'Ketman', by allusion to a similar practice of disguised thinking that was customary under the rule of fanatical Mohammedanism. An analysis of Ketman in Czechoslovakia can be found in the current issue of *Encounter*.

Ketman is therefore neither enigmatic nor peculiarly Russian; under a Bolshevik World Government it would presumably be practised also in Belfast. It results from the perilous passion of keeping to the truth in one's own thoughts, even when feeling compelled to deny it in public; a passion which is, happily, universal.

Resistance to the suppression of the truth is a moral obligation and such resistance is rendered meaningless unless its moral value is

recognised. Here we have another illustration of the necessity of basing social analysis on moral judgement.—Yours, etc.,
Manchester

MICHAEL POLANYI

The Hydrogen Bomb

Sir,—Your correspondent Mr. Vickers takes Dr. Bronowski to task for lumping 'pure' and 'applied' scientists under the generic title of scientists, and goes on to make it clear that in his opinion the 'applied' scientist is little more than a skilled technician and void of the true scientific spirit and method of enquiry.

Far from Dr. Bronowski needing stricture, it is Mr. Vickers who should be ashamed to write such nonsense, and dangerous nonsense at that. It is this sort of intellectual snobbery which has brought about the present unbalance in our scientific structure between the 'pure' scientist and the 'applied'.

I would hazard a guess that Mr. Vickers is quite out of touch with the work which is being done by the so-called 'applied' scientist. He is evidently confusing this type of scientific worker with the scientific technicians—scientific control workers, routine analysts, for example—who are necessary in the modern technological age.

The confusion of thought here has its roots in the very terminology which is used, and I must register a warning against taking these adjectives 'pure' and 'applied' too literally. They imply a relationship between the two types of scientist which in fact is very far from the truth, namely that the 'pure' scientist is the man who, in the isolation of his intellectual retreats, discovers scientific facts and hands them over to the 'applied' scientist for him to go ahead and utilise in industry. In one or two isolated instances this may occur, but as a general picture of what is happening in the scientific world today it is a travesty of the facts.

I would recommend Mr. Vickers to spend a few weeks studying the history of science and the evolution of scientific method, and he will find that it always has been in the nature of things that the gentleman we now call the 'applied' scientist is the pioneer, and the 'pure' scientist the follower-on—a very necessary one, but a follower-on nevertheless.

I will not bore you with quoting a large number of examples. I will merely mention that the first astronomer was probably a working farmer in Egypt who needed to predict his seed-time, and your first student of the science we now call thermodynamics was a practical man trying to understand steam engines in the early days of the Industrial Revolution.

If the picture that Mr. Vickers would have us accept is a true one (and I would not admit this for one moment), then it is time someone pointed out that a revolution has occurred in scientific method. However, I do not believe that such a revolution has taken place, and I would further state that, in my opinion, the arrival upon the scientific scene of new ideas as a result of inductive methods is still all too infrequent, and the general rule is still what it always has been, namely that understanding of fundamentals comes after some practical man of affairs has (a) posed the problem, and (b) cleared the ground sufficiently to enable the 'pure' scientist to go to work.

Who are these 'applied' scientists whom Mr. Vickers affects to despise? They are men and women with a good training in science and scientific method who have had the courage to go out into industry to tackle jobs which would appal the 'pure' scientist by their very complexity. They are people working in the major industries of this country, in textiles, oil, fuel, in electronics, metallurgy, and many others. During their work they not only produce new processes which are of vital importance to the future survival of this country, but, what is more important from the scientific point of view, they are working in the true scientific spirit in fields of enquiry which are too complex as yet for the 'pure' scientist to tackle. In the industry which I have the honour to serve—the synthetic fibre industry—there are large numbers of scientific phenomena which the 'pure' scientists would refuse to study because they could not isolate a particular phenomenon from its context.

There was a rayon industry in this country twenty years before the 'pure' scientists knew even approximately the nature of cellulose, the basic raw material, and even today the practical working scientists in this industry could provide enough fundamental problems to keep a team of 'pure' scientists working all their lives.

Never let us forget that, because these 'applied' scientists are at heart true scientists who take their profession very seriously and proudly: the best of them are not content with producing results by *ad hoc* methods, but also want to know the 'why and wherefore' and very frequently find out for themselves. They are in fact both 'pure' and 'applied' scientists—a precious combination.

This brings me to my last point, which is a statement of what I think is the real direction of scientific impetus. In general the ideas for science do not come from the 'pure' to the 'applied' scientist. In overwhelmingly the majority of cases the reverse is true. The 'pure' scientist takes his inspiration from the work of the 'applied'. He builds upon the work already carried out before he enters the scene, and succeeds in bringing about a new depth of understanding to the 'applied' scientist which is of inestimable benefit, not only to science in general, but to the 'applied' scientist himself and the work upon which he is so importantly engaged.

The whole history of science teaches us that if the 'pure' scientist stands above his colleagues intellectually, it is because he stands on their shoulders.

Yours, etc.,

Whitefield

L. ROSE

'By Man Came Death'

Sir,—In the first of two talks on the hydrogen bomb (THE LISTENER, July 29) Sir Llewellyn Woodward states 'there are no historical grounds for supposing that a policy of non-resistance... ever saved a society...'. But in the history of India, South Africa, and the occupied countries during the last war, there are innumerable examples of the triumph of non-violence—which is a different thing from non-resistance though it includes the renunciation of modern weapons of warfare.

One example, however, will suffice. In *Prison and Chocolate Cake* (Gollancz, 1954), Nayantara Sahgal describes the arrest of her mother, Mrs. Pandit:

It was an incongruous situation. Rows of khaki-clad men and seven military lorries waited in grim silence in the dead of night to take away one defenceless woman whose creed was non-violence. Such was the power of non-violence.

Mrs. Pandit is now President of the United Nations organisation; her brother, Mamu, also arrested, is now Prime Minister Nehru, mediator in the Cold War. Do not these facts speak for themselves?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.10

OLWEN BATTERSBY

Sir,—When Sir Llewellyn Woodward in his talk asserted that 'the standards of common sense and restraint are higher in western Europe, North America, and Australasia' than in most other areas he surely forgot two historic facts: (1) that the mass-murders of the Jews in continental Europe were carried out by western Europeans, and (2) that the only atomic bombs used so far in war were dropped, without warning, by North Americans on one of the less privileged peoples. Truly the evil that men do—be they white, black, or yellow, privileged or unprivileged—lives after them and the greater their enlightenment the greater surely their guilt.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, S.4

W. S. CORMACK

The Fastest Train on Earth

Sir,—Mr. Allen in THE LISTENER of July 1, and subsequent correspondents, have implied or

described various shortcomings in British Railways.

For some curious reason, in this country, which excels in most branches of technology, the railways appear to have become, over the past thirty or forty years, a completely closed system impervious to ideas from without and incapable of generating them from within. They have become the repository of as odd a body of scientific and technical mythology as can readily be found.

One is tempted indeed to imagine that every technical novitiate in the system, on taking Railway Orders, is compelled to accept a creed which might be as follows:

I believe in belching smoke and steam, in spinning driving wheels and in clanking connecting rods and that all of these are wonderful evidence of power and efficiency.

I believe that signal lights cannot be seen in daytime, but that signal arms can, no matter how dull the day.

I believe in the infallibility of mechanical linkages between signal boxes and points, and that all things electrical or magnetic or electronic are mysteries which are best left alone.

I believe that rail ends must be kept well apart so as to allow for expansion in hot weather, and that the rhythmic bumping they produce is soothing to the passengers. (The first part of this item, being based on scientific evidence, although in this instance misapplied, is also believed by the general public. In most other countries, however, and where climatic extremes are often much greater, rails are welded in lengths of many miles, thus adding greatly to speed, comfort, safety, and economy.)

I believe in the acceptance of friction as a necessary evil and will shun the use of all such devices as roller bearings.

I believe that speed is costly, especially in the movement of goods, and I shall endeavour always to design goods wagons with short wheel-bases so as to possess the maximum lateral instability and ensure that they are loosely coupled with simple chain links and see that they are not equipped with brakes. This will induce a proper caution in the drivers of goods trains, causing them to maintain very low speeds, and it will also ensure frequent derailments, thus keeping the repair gangs in a satisfactory state of constant alertness and efficiency.

Finally, in a changing world I believe that the old things are the best and I shall always endeavour to make railway things look as old and time-worn as possible.

There is no need for the engine fireman to be disgruntled at the thought that of every twenty shovelfuls of coal so laboriously heaved into the firebox only one goes to assist the driving wheels while the other nineteen go up the smokestack to heat and pollute the atmosphere. He is maintaining a proud tradition. After all, his forefathers have been doing exactly the same for the past hundred and twenty-five years.

Yours, etc.,

The University,
St. Andrews

J. F. ALLEN

Art Critics

Sir,—I certainly do not take the view that one must be an artist to be an art critic, just as one need not be a hen to be a good judge of an omelette. Critics, however, must be prepared to be knocked about a bit, just as they knock artists about. I find pontifical omniscience objectionable in all walks of life.

Mr. Williamson in his courteous letter in answer to mine, which must have annoyed him very much, now, not only quarrels with me over art, but over 'humour'. I am not to laugh at the quaintness of Picasso, because he painted 'Guernica'. What overbearing intolerance.

As we are on war pictures, am I not allowed to find amusement in Butler's famous picture of 'The Charge of the Scots Greys', with the

Infantry hanging on to the stirrups. For idealising war it is fantastic. In connection with this picture, an American after praising its movement and action, suddenly asked 'Say, who is after them?'

As Mr. Williamson and I differ in what we find humorous, I hope this harmless anecdote will not cause him to burst into tears.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

BRABAZON OF TARA

Young Painters in Paris

Sir,—Mr. Quentin Bell dislikes the German Expressionist painters and makes this very clear in his article entitled 'Young Painters in Paris' (THE LISTENER, July 22).

One may accept this as his opinion, for what it is worth, but when he states that 'Expressionist suggests, to English ears at all events, that kind of tense teutonic painting in which every brush stroke seems charged with dyspeptic anxiety and histrionic emotion', one begins to wonder. Does he thereby not make a sweeping statement about something 'English eyes at all events' have hardly had an opportunity to get acquainted with? Would it not be better to show the British public German Expressionists for once? Perhaps its judgement might be different and Mr. Quentin Bell might have to take this 'teutonic' back. After all, painters like Kirchner, Pechstein, Nolde, Marc, etc., worked together with Klee and Kandinski in the same atmosphere and with the same aims. They have, moreover, incurred the wrath of the Nazi-Germans which proves that they are part of the European heritage, otherwise the unerring brutal instinct of those real 'Teutons' would not have condemned them so violently.

It is rather sad that remarks like the one quoted should create an atmosphere against assessing the real value of these artists and giving them their due place in European art to which they are undoubtedly entitled.

Yours, etc.,

Zurich

A. H. ROTH

Miss Dorothy Fisk is an accomplished writer and in *Bouquet for the Doctor* (Heinemann, 18s.) she more than compensates for her lack of medical knowledge by her literary skill. Her book is not so much a history of medicine as a tribute to it. She selects certain famous figures in medical history and takes snapshots of them at different times in their distinguished careers. We are shown William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, at the moment that he was held up at Trevno by the Italian quarantine authorities on account of an epidemic of plague. 'I have received here a very unjust affront', he writes angrily to Lord Fielding, 'being stayed and commanded by this Podesta to have gone into the Lazaretto, without any cause of suspicion alledged'.

We see Jenner, that leisurely pioneer of vaccination who procrastinated twenty years before he could induce himself to put his cowpox theory to a practical test, now returned from London to his beloved Shropshire and writing to a friend about his unsought notoriety, 'I am by accident, you know, become a public character; and having the worst head for arrangement that ever was placed on a man's shoulders I really think myself the most unfit for it'. And Jenner wrote truly, for he was assuredly the most befuddled of all our great medical discoverers.

Miss Fisk has a light touch and knows how to bring her characters to life. Her book will be of interest to both medical and non-medical readers.

Three Art Galleries



'Portrait of a Man', by Francis Bacon, from the exhibition 'Artists of Fame and Promise' at the Leicester Galleries

'Coster Woman', by Mark Gertler, from the summer exhibition at the Redfern Gallery



'The Footballers', by Dom Robert, from the exhibition 'Of Light and Colour' at Gimpel Fils

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Four Continents

By Osbert Sitwell. Macmillan. 25s.
Corsican Excursion

By Charles Elwell. Bodley Head. 15s.
SIR OSBERT SITWELL, a survivor of the age of untethered travel, in *The Four Continents*, which he subtitled 'More Discursions on Travel, Art and Life', looks back from the vantage point of Amalfi where he sits writing, on journeys in Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas, meditating on the elements and comparing different times and places.

In mustering possible titles for the book, he lingers on Round the World in Sixty Years, Voyage Round the Inside of my Head, The Four Elements; and these three, though rejected, are themes in the book, contriving order in associations which would otherwise play too free, and yet allowing the *personae* of Sir Osbert latitude for display. Visits to Pompeii and the Ringling circus at Sarasota, to a phrenologist in Scarborough who felt the bump of poesy when the future Dame Edith was only sixteen, and the tomb of the Ming Emperor Yung-Lo whose monstrous memorials survive in a desolate plain, fancies of peace on earth through planetary invasion, of Hitler returning to life from Thibet, anecdotes of Sir George 'making a bolt for it', of Lord Berners on all fours in his pyjamas barking at a werewolf, the author himself losing his aluminium gout-cradle to a Caribbean shark, the discovery of a great sculptor in New York and a great museum in Barnard Castle . . . no mere list gives a correct estimate of the different levels through which the author passes as his rich imagination dwells on his rich experience.

Will the time, one wonders, ever recur when a private person can in his lifetime see so much? Or is this the geographical appendix to *Left Hand, Right Hand*? Has the excursion superseded the discursion except for administrators, businessmen and spies?

Mr. Elwell with his practical friend Geoffrey to curb extravagant fancy has clearly wrung every drop of experience from his brief intensive visit to Corsica.

Although I am not employed in any business of importance, I am yet constantly occupied. I spend my time observing, and at night I write down what I have noticed, what I have seen, what I have heard during the day. I am interested in everything, astonished at everything: I am like a child, whose organs, still over-sensitive, are vividly impressed by the merest trifles.

These characteristics of Montesquieu's Usbek have always been helpful to the travel-writer; and today, when the Treasury allows him abroad like a goat on a tether, they are essential.

Travelling the hard way, whirling round mountain bends on bus-tops and occasionally taking refuge from projecting crags in the boot, adept at eluding the nausea of their fellow-travellers and organising excursions of tourists to visit beauty-spots too expensive to visit alone, Mr. Elwell and his friend crammed more Corsica (including the spikes of a sea-urchin) into their holiday than anyone since Boswell. The result, embellished with Edward Lear's dizzy woodcuts, is even more enjoyable than, one suspects, a jaunt to Corsica would be. The indifferent wines and surly innkeepers, the exorbitant guides pickled in pastis and the sheer forbidding townlets girdled with rubbish are delightful at second hand; and for those who wish more, there is a wealth of information about the Corsicans, who have produced only

one man of genius and who are indifferent to him except in Ajaccio, his birth-place, and there chiefly because he is good for the tourist trade.

The Heron

By Frank A. Lowe. Collins. 18s.

Few birds merit a monograph more deservedly than the Heron. Its lone grey figure evokes comment down the ages, standing by rhine or river, mere or tideway, beck or burn.

wi a bygone dignity
lak an auld dominie

or sailing high with measured beats across the evening sky. Comment will have come from falconer and gourmet—though its presence at the banquet table 'larded with swynefat and eaten with ginger' may well owe more to ancient superstition than to savouriness—from water-bailiff, naturalist and fellow-fisherman, even from the least bird-minded philistine among us, who nevertheless surely will note, and know, the Heron. But few, even among ornithologists, know much more when you come down to the brass tacks of its habits and life-history.

Frank Lowe is one of the few who does know. He has spent half a lifetime studying the Heron on the ground; and when he was not watching from the hide he was busy in the library, chasing Herons through the literature from medieval treatises on falconry and sorcery to modern scientific memoirs in half-a-dozen languages. It is a fascinating book. Page by page, with the aid of many excellent photographs and diagrams, Frank Lowe unfolds the story of the Heron: its distribution throughout Britain and abroad; the density, sites and fluctuations of its heronries; its gatherings—a *seige* of Herons—courtship, quarrels, nuptials; its behaviour at the nest with eggs and brood; the growth and rearing of the young, their cries, wing-exercises, enemies and fledgling. Many of these observations derive from close and patient watching from a hide built 70 ft. from the ground in a beech tree. This Lancashire colony was close to hand and before the young birds had left their nest-trees, 'there was no hour of the day or night that had not been included in one of my watches'.

Such intimate acquaintance might well prejudice the author in the Heron's favour. If so he never shows it: the even tenor of his tale, the very factualness of his account, are all the more compelling. The water-bailiff and the fisherman, no less than any other countryman, will be surprised to learn to what a large extent the Heron preys on mammals—on rats and moles and water-voles—and on that arch pest of the spawning-beds, the eel. In fact there is no doubt, on evidence, that (apart perhaps from an occasional rogue) the impact of the Heron on freshwater fisheries is, on balance, beneficial! Long may Jack Harnser outlive his evil reputation.

Human Behaviour in the Concentration Camp. By Elie A. Cohen. Cape. 18s.

Experimental psychologists are in the habit of criticising psychiatrists because so many of their findings are not submitted to the test of a controlled experiment: to which the psychiatrist usually retorts that the experimental situations of the laboratory worker are so unlike life as to limit severely the scope of any conclusions arrived at. Whatever the outcome of this polemic, it cannot be denied that the psychiatrist, preoccupied as he is by the civilian

standards of hospital practice, has neglected some unrivalled opportunities for experimental study. Only during the last war were a few timid observations made concerning the impact of battle-conditions on the mind of the normal conscript. A more horrible experiment could not be observed, at any rate in most of the Allied countries, namely, the effect on political and 'racial' prisoners of concentration camp methods, from being herded together, degraded, starved, maltreated, tortured and even vivisected, to being, in some camps, made to observe the daily exodus of thousands of fellow-prisoners to death in the abattoir.

From 1945 onward an increasing number of writers have attempted to deal with this horrible subject; and of these one of the most outstanding is Dr. Elie A. Cohen, a Dutch general practitioner who spent a total of three years in Nazi concentration camps, including the notorious Auschwitz death-camp. Written without rancour and with a quite remarkable degree of objectivity, his book describes first the general organisation and medical aspects of concentration camps, including under the latter heading an account of the medical experiments carried out on prisoners. This first half of the book is a factual record, clearly and simply written, and speaks for itself.

In the second half Dr. Cohen deals with two subjects of consuming interest to both lay and medical psychologists; viz, the psychology of the prisoner and the psychology of his S.S. guards. In preparation for this task the author embarked on an intensive study of psycho-analytical literature and intersperses his presentation with frequent quotations from it. Those who disagree with these psychological premises will no doubt regard this as a regrettable course; but at least it has the merit of enabling the author to present his subject in a systematic and coherent manner. Even without the aid of psycho-analytical interpretation, his observations constitute a unique study in the phenomena of mental regression and of the various factors which help to stay its course.

Regarding the psychology of the S.S. the author's main concern is to establish that they 'consisted of normal individuals who because of their criminal super-ego had become normal criminals', and that 'if Netherlands and Germans were raised from their birth in the same social atmosphere . . . the differences which are now noticeable between the two people would cease to be so'. Whether or not the reader relishes or agrees with these conclusions he cannot but admit that Dr. Cohen has produced a masterly study of the relations existing between the victim and his aggressor.

The Home Letters of T. E. Lawrence and his Brothers. Blackwell. 63s.

In the 'allocation' which serves as an introduction to this volume, Sir Winston Churchill describes *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* as one of 'the greatest books ever written in the English language. It is not I think excessive to class it in interest and charm with *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Gulliver's Travels* . . . When, etc., etc. . . Lawrence's tale of the revolt in the desert will gleam with immortal fire'.

We turn to the letters of the author of such a book with a lively interest, but alas, only to find what the box in the attic of any cultural middle-class family might contain—letters of a perfect ordinariness such as seldom see publica-



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tion. Maybe the letters of Bunyan and Defoe are not much more interesting (though Swift's are). The extravert is not usually a good letter-writer, and his rare books are extruded by the pressure of the events he is experiencing or recording, not by the power of the imagination. Estimates of the literary merits of the *Seven Pillars* are not unanimous: its style is forced and artificial, and it is too early to say whether it will survive as more than one of the curiosities of literature. It lacks the directness of great historical writing (such as Thucydides or Clarendon): its model is one of the most individual styles in English—Doughty's. But Doughty's style was the reflection of an eccentric personality: it does not fit the conventional mind of a typical Oxford graduate. Why, then, was it so assiduously imitated by T. E. Lawrence? We can only suggest that he wore it as a mask for his feelings. The war he had fought in a spirit of chivalry had ended as a sordid political compromise: in the same war he had lost two of his four brothers, and granted the closeness of the bonds that united the 'nest of young eagles' to a remarkable mother, such a loss cannot have been sustained without an increasing sense of bitterness as the sacrifice was seen to have been in vain.

Not only these letters of T. E. Lawrence, but his behaviour between the end of the war and his violent death in 1935, indicate a desire first to hide and then to destroy the subjective self, to escape from conscience and confession, to sham death of the creative will. The similarity of the letters of his brothers only serves to emphasize the paradox of T. E. Lawrence's career: the career of the normal nice chap flung by chance into what the world regarded as a great destiny; surviving the experience by virtue of his innocence and courage; and then slowly retreating behind a smoke-screen of 'literature' to the insecure shelter of a false name and a secret hide-out. He achieved the normalcy which was the only kind of existence he could enjoy, tinkering with speed-boats, planting rhododendrons round his cottage, translating the *Odyssey*. About a year before he was killed he wrote: 'I have a queer sense that it is all over—all the active part of my life, I mean; and that retirement from the R.A.F. is also retirement from the stream. I shall be 46; which is neither young nor old; too young to be happy doing nothing, but too old for a fresh start. However there is nothing that I want to do, and nothing particularly that I am glad to have done. So I am unlikely to live either in the past or the future. Man is not an animal in which intelligence can take much pride'. In that mood he went to his death, and left us with his enigma.

Radical Leicester: a History of Leicester, 1780-1850

By A. Temple Patterson.

University College, Leicester. 30s.

This is a model for writers of town histories of the more scholarly kind. It is packed with information and clearly based on wide knowledge of the contemporary background as well as of the direct sources, which are largely the local newspapers and a good deal of pamphlet material, together with such official reports as deal with Leicester's municipal politics and social and industrial conditions. It tells the story, up to 1835, of an exceedingly corrupt Corporation and a remarkably predatory Town Clerk, Thomas Burbidge, who succeeded not only in embezzling the funds for a great number of years but also in getting compensation for sums he alleged to be owing to him when the Municipal Reform Act at length drove him from office. Thereafter, the story is of a reformed

Corporation dominated by Whig and Radical manufacturers and merchants, who were honest according to their lights, but were mostly too ardent believers in *laissez-faire* to equip the rapidly growing town with a proper water-supply or even with tolerable drains. Meanwhile, death and disease swept the town; and wages in the chief industry, framework knitting, were for the most part appallingly low because the ease with which the trade could be learnt caused it to be always overstocked with hands.

The working-class movements of the period covered are fully dealt with, including Chartism; and there is an excellent account of the relations between the various brands of middle- and working-class Radicals, with lively pictures of a number of the leaders. Leicester, though strongly Radical and largely starving in bad years, was a remarkably unviolent place, even in Luddite days and at the height of Chartism, partly because the workers found sympathisers in the middle classes, among Tories as well as Radicals, and partly perhaps because they were too used to semi-starvation to make good rebels. The factory system was only beginning in Leicester at the point at which Mr. Temple Patterson's story stops; and the boot and shoe industry had barely been introduced. The system in framework knitting continued up to 1850 to be mainly one of home-work without the use of power, on rented frames, and this led to grosser and grosser abuses, against which the workers and their sympathisers struggled in vain. It is not a pleasant story; but it is well told.

A Few Late Chrysanthemums

By John Betjeman. Murray. 9s. 6d.

Two questions are prompted by this new book—Are Mr. Betjeman's new poems as good as his previous ones? Do they show any fresh developments? 'Through all of them', says the publisher's note, 'there is that magic which escapes definition'. On the contrary, the ingredients and methods of Mr. Betjeman's 'magic', which is admittedly and delightfully his own, are easily definable, and not all of these pieces will seem to all his admirers equally 'magical'.

He still loves the same sort of things, grubby old railways and 'early' electroliers, and churches mouldy or unmouldy, and London suburbs, and Magdalen Tower and King's Chapel, and old dons, and wistful and wasteful old picturesquenesses. The old motifs show themselves again—like late chrysanthemums. The shock once occasioned by Mr. Betjeman's frank adoration of big bouncing female athletes is no longer to be felt, his church bells do not strike the ear freshly, and his holiday seashores are familiar, but his 'Hunter Trials' are sparklingly new, and he has sharpened the knife with which he satirises 'progress'. With a deft snicker-snack he mows down some of the horrors of Unmerrie England—council houses, hygienic public houses, children called Barry or Shirley. 'How to Get On in Society' is an amusing cento of words and phrases not used in what once might have been called good society—for example, 'It's ever so close in the lounge, dear'. In this ingenious piece Mr. Betjeman lays himself open to charges of pharisaism and snobbery. There are plenty of well-bred people who would be astonished to know that the use of fish-knives is as inadmissible as to speak of 'kiddies' and 'serviettes'. It is not always possible to be funny at nobody's expense, but it is a little uncomfortable to think that many readers will feel a self-righteous, class-conscious glow on being jocularly invited to share Mr. Betjeman's knowledge of taboos prevalent among the superior.

On the other hand, his direct attacks on the flaunted bad manners and moral atrophy of certain kinds of self-seekers are linked with his evolution as a religious poet. The strongest and

most affecting of these new poems are the work of an active member of the Church of England whose poetical apprehensions are derived from a sense of sin, a sense of the imminence of death, a belief in prayer and in the healing power of grace, from a capacity for remorse and penitence, and from pity and charity. With fearsome adroitness he lights up *tableaux vivants* that show the inelegance of 'late-flowering lust' and the emptiness of 'good-time' materialism, or the poignancy of love facing the prospect of the death of a beloved person. Above all he celebrates 'Eternity contained in Time and coloured glass', and the amazing discovery

That God was Man in Palestine

And lives today in Bread and Wine.

This can hardly gratify shallow worldlings and old-fashioned atheists or indifferentists among his readers. Finding that he venerates things they used to think he was making fun of, they may wag deprecatory heads over this sadder and wiser Betjeman whose greater depth and dignity they will not like, even if they can recognise it.

Assignment to Catastrophe. Volume I.

Prelude, to Dunkirk, July 1939—

May 1940. By Major-General Sir

Edward Spears. Heinemann. 25s.

So Full a Glory. By Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Sir Edward Spears was a liaison officer with the French in the First World War and wrote two books about his experience which were at once highly readable and contributions to historical knowledge. He now tells the story of his mission, as personal representative of Sir Winston Churchill, to the French Government in 1940. This is to be completed by a second volume in the winter. He was a Member of Parliament at the outbreak of war, a strong opponent of the 'Munich' policy, and chairman of the Anglo-French Committee of the House of Commons. He begins with an account of his activities at home and visits to France just before the war and during it before the German offensive. His mission began while this was in progress.

The literary gifts of General Spears are outstanding. All that he writes is absorbing. His portrait sketches are brilliant, though apt to be over-coloured by personal likes and dislikes. He knew well the French political and military worlds, especially the latter. Yet even the military world had its parties, and his associations had been mainly with one. He felt that this might be a handicap and some of his readers may feel that he was right. A man of great energy and imagination, he interpreted his mission in a wide sense. He strove to be an interpreter of British policy and ideals as well as a collector of information. As affairs grew worse and worse he exhorted and pleaded in favour of fighting on, whether it were in Brittany or North Africa. Sometimes tragic, sometimes enthusiastic—as about one of the rare fighting spirits, Georges Mandel—often caustic, always witty and dramatic, he gives a superb account of a terrible phase in French history as seen by one man. Yet a too potent pen on occasion runs away with him. Some of the scenes and reflections are too cruel, and the account of the activities of the political ladies, if very amusing, seems only narrowly within the border-line of good taste.

He brings out more clearly than ever the calamitous position of the gallant President of the Council, M. Paul Reynaud, beset by defeatists on both wings, some of them within his ministry, starting with a commander-in-chief in whom he placed no confidence but did not

succeed in shifting until very late, and behind him a nation hopelessly divided, bewildered, and apathetic. The confusion was so great that weapons and uniforms which were actually in stock could not be found. M. Reynaud fought almost a lone battle, for even Mandel, with no popular presence or appeal, could do little for him but run his own ministry excellently and warn him of the 'wrong 'uns'. His best supporter was not a fellow-countryman but the British Prime Minister.

So Full a Glory is a biography of the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny. Here is to be found, in the same war, a picture of the fighting spirit of France. It is found in an extraordinary man: arrogant, extravagant, vain, hot-tempered, a difficult subordinate, colleague, and superior,

but a fine soldier and leader of men, in many ways attractive, good company, a good talker. The man most conscious of the faults of Jean de Lattre was Jean de Lattre. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones knew him well and knew also his background from the days of his youth. This, as the late Lord Norwich observes in a foreword written a few days before his death, is of great advantage to the English reader, who without it could not have obtained so good an understanding of a figure of a type rarely met with on our side of the Channel. It is a good biography, though only on a small scale, because the writer never attempts to hide the defects of character and temperament of his subject, but at the same time is strongly sympathetic and laudatory.

Marshal de Lattre was a great figure. It is

sometimes asserted that in modern war commanders cannot influence their armies by their personality. The last great war does not support the contention as regards land, sea, or air warfare. De Lattre could project his personality—and how powerful it was!—very widely. He proved in Indo-China that he could also project it into the political field. No one had done that before in Viet-Nam, and no one has done it since. The best of all tests of the value of a soldier is adversity, and he comes admirably out of 1940, when his adversity was extreme. It is to his credit that many men who began by being irritated to distraction by him—among them the British Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery and the American General Devers—became his admirers and warm friends.

New Novels

The Welsh Sonata. By James Hanley. Verschoyle. 10s. 6d.

The Governor's Wife. By David Unwin. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

The Key That Rusts. By Isobel English. Andre Deutsch. 10s. 6d.

VICE, our lowest common denominator, is endowed with a far wider vocabulary than virtue, as every student of Roget knows. Vice is a joke—and that is its conversational advantage: people do not normally boast of having been virtuous in their youth. Or we suffer from other people's vice and need extra words to describe it. The novelist stands like Laocoon, snake-entwined, his mouth open in a representative cry of anguish, the anguish that lies heavy on the oppressed peoples of Wales, Africa, and Bayswater.

James Hanley's *The Welsh Sonata*, described as 'Variations on a Theme', concerns the unprofessional interest of Goronwy Jones, policeman of Cilgyn, in the disappearance of an eccentric character known as Rhys the Wound. Unprofessional because Goronwy is a spare-time poet, and his curiosity about Rhys springs from a feeling that the man's history has in it the makings of a three-act play for the next National Eisteddfod. From various people in and around the village Goronwy learns the details of his hero's life, from miserable childhood to that supreme moment when, seated in the barber's chair, Rhys hears that Olwen Hughes, whom he loves, has run off to Swansea with Sailor Parry. In the nearby mining town Goronwy comes across a weird old man, a former schoolmaster, who tells him (very finely) the story of this central love-affair.

There is nothing in this tale but its telling. The ballad theme—the rivalry of two strong men for a girl, physical struggle under the stars, death at sea, the slow unfolding or reminiscence—all this is solemnly developed in poetic prose, presumably intended to evoke the spirit of the North Wales landscape and people. Goronwy looks at Rhys's cottage on the mountain:

I got the measure of that House of Stone.

I got the measure of that Rhys's place that hugged a cold mountain.

Bare.

And the first look an icicle in my eye.

The solid, grim, grey block, and might be congealed to the earth that held it.

One room up.

One down.

Undeniably effective, in a Negro-spiritual sort of way, and it would be even more effective if heard and not seen. Page after page of this layout can become irritating, especially when expressions like those in the last two lines of this quotation are allotted their separate paragraphs. Mr. Hanley, in his sojourn in Wales, seems to have absorbed the sonorous gravity of those bardic clerics who can ask for a tin of salmon as

though it were the grace of God. Even the Welsh can laugh, on occasion. There seems to be something in the mountain air that affects writers on Wales. They either expose the Welsh as hypocrites or idealise them as noble savages. Mr. Hanley is an idealist who sees his new-found land peopled with romantically quaint or vigorous characters indulging in poetry, ale, and desire under the rowan trees. The final touch of the Englishman gone native is the caricature of the English in the midst as 'mean ones' who, when not immersed in the financial columns of *The Times*, are turning away honest Welsh tramps from their forbidding gates.

The last quarter of the book seemed to me a great improvement. This is where the old schoolmaster describes the love-affair, and the author tends to forget the earlier biblical tone. My attention did not stray here, for, in spite of solemnity and Hebraic repetition, Mr. Hanley is a wonderful begetter of words. The number of misprints suggests that mine was not the only attention that strayed in some parts of the book.

I have not the same first-hand knowledge of the natives whose situation is David Unwin's theme, but after reading *The Governor's Wife* I feel I can echo the words of his narrator, Sebastian Pole: 'Africa was once an outline in an atlas. Now I'm a part of it. One with the problems, the people, the intolerance'. Certainly the daily news of racial conflict is much more real, now that Mr. Unwin has established the living background for me.

Sebastian Pole is sent out from England by a financial trust to report on the feasibility of an irrigation project in Bandaland, a British Protectorate. The Governor leads the liberal-minded few who support the project in the belief that economic happiness will bring the Africans to political maturity. Others believe the African should be kept in his place, by force if necessary, for his own good. Sebastian also visits the neighbouring Republic of Equatoria, ruled mercilessly by an intolerant group of whites, and is appalled by the degradation of the natives, who are treated here as subhuman slaves. In Bandaland he meets enlightened Africans and others who are ready to use violence to get the Europeans out. The best and worst of both sides are represented. Sebastian cannot remain detached; his sympathy for the natives leads to friction, particularly with a white woman who falls in love with him and who believes in the perpetual subjugation of the Negroes.

The trend towards non-fiction has reached fiction. I found this book most interesting, not for personal relationships but for the African

background, the natural scene, the mass relationships of Africans and whites. These aspects are superbly done. We get a vivid documentary, into which named characters stray uncertainly. The book's weakness as fiction lies in the central character, the narrator. He is not convincingly endowed with those qualities which should be in him if the other characters are to react to him as the author makes them do. These people register mechanically on the page like darts landing with a hollow plonk in the board, and are likewise fixed and dead when the course of their flight has been described. They do not continue. There are exceptions, minor characters, especially Sebastian's old schoolmate, a dissipated settler who has made a mess of his life, a bounder—and everybody knows that bounders are naturally full of life. Vice remains the novelist's standby.

The Key That Rusts, a first novel by Isobel English, is strong in just that department in which *The Governor's Wife* is weak: the narrator is established as a solid and credible personality. On this foundation the author builds a compact, satisfying novel. The story is told by a woman of thirty-one, cultivated, endowed with common sense and hysteria in fairly equal proportions. She observes and is actively involved in a love-affair between her step-brother, Sam, almost fifty, and Mary, a Jewish girl in her twenties. Sam is randy, irresponsible, and married to his fourth wife, so Mary is, not surprisingly, doomed to disillusion. The characters are preposterous but real. If we have not already met them in life, we feel we might at any moment, possibly round the next corner, where we shall find them standing on their heads and complaining that the world is upside down. They are acceptable because they fall into place naturally in the odd but completely realised life of the narrator. The assurance with which she tells her Bayswater tale communicates its own certainty to the reader; she idles along, a lively compound of naivety and sophistication, checking now and again to look back, to evoke her childhood, queer people she has known—and all these memories and reflections coalesce into the solid, breathing shape that now stands before us.

There is a peculiar satisfaction about a tragic tale that is told in terms of comedy. We seem to get an effect of balance, of detachment. Not that Miss English gives the impression of deliberately presenting her people as humorous characters. She succeeds so well as a comic writer because she treats human absurdity as a natural phenomenon. For the comic novelist humour is nothing to be laughed at.

IDRIS PARRY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Bouquets and Brickbats

IN LAST FRIDAY NIGHT'S 'Facts and Figures', the periodic survey of economic trends which comes to us in the form of diagrams plus a voice, television was one of the topics: 'people are switching on their sets more', we were told. Interesting, because my impulse lately has been to switch off more. How can this thing be? I wondered, harking back over the week's chief items: 'Road Safety', 'Sculpture in Sugar', 'A Dog's Chance', 'Viewfinder' (on civil defence), 'About Britain' (Northern Ireland instalment), and 'The River in Summer', this summer. Not many allurements there except for the newcomers who, we were also informed, are arriving at the rate of 3,000 a day, all of them doubtless goggle-eyed with the sense of visual novelty and social achievement. 'Ours is a seventeen-inch screen, ours is'.

The formal positive assertion came from 'Audience Research', as one of the findings of a department of the B.B.C. which has courteously obliged me with information but which, I am troubled to say, leaves me not vastly more impressed than I am by the activities of Dr. Kinsey. Both postulate a consistency of human nature which, in my small opinion, is to be looked for only in primitive societies.

Undeniably, there is a new wave of grumbling about the programmes. Here, again, the weather may be to blame, with the lack of sunshine exacerbating the discontents and perhaps producing them. It seemed to me that 'About Britain', for example, was pleasantly articulate on the subject of Ulster affairs, without of course going into them too profoundly; that 'Sculpture in Sugar' provided an engaging glimpse into the subtleties of a rarely considered form of popular art; that 'Road Safety' was certainly worth its time; and that 'A Dog's Chance', coming from the pub at Reading, had *empressement* and stood out above the other programmes of the week because of it.

Tossing those few blooms of approval to the producers concerned, I agree that the programme planners have not lately earned many bouquets from us. They did right, it seems to me, to repeat 'Back of Beyond', the film about the Australian desert mail, and it was a good touch to have Mary Malcolm read a postscript letter from the Birdsville resident who said that the film over-dramatised some aspects of what one still feels is a heroic fortnightly venture.

Presumably their decisions are based on a seasonal lowering of viewing attention. If so, they were caught out and there are viewers of my acquaintance who are in no mood to excuse them. That dripping wet 'Roving Eye' tour of Hyde Park, the Sunday before last, pointed the problem depressingly. Was there no film at all to be taken out of its can for just such an emergency? Still, we learned a few things about Hyde Park that will



'Road Safety', an enquiry into the causes of accidents to children, on July 28: Police-sergeant Mason with Jeanne Heal



As seen by the viewer: two show entrants in 'A Dog's Chance'

John Gura

make our next walk there less fatuously ruminative.

'Sculpture in Sugar' was reassuring in showing us that the hand of the craftsman remains steady even in apocalyptic times. Jack Bryant's way with icing sugar is a Disney skill that should be commended to the notice of the master. Richard Dimpleby blessed it in his most fervent descriptive tones.

My impression was that Jeanne Heal was not completely at her best in 'Road Safety', which showed television's aptness in seizing an immediately topical subject, in this instance the revised Highway Code, and analysing it for the guidance of the public. An important programme in its social implications, which demanded but did not seem to receive the lady's undivided attention. Like the programme on civil defence, in the 'Viewfinder' series, it suffered from an excess of material over form. It needed pulling together, to be given a firmer outline, a more magisterial treatment. I thought Aidan Crawley less sure of himself than usual, too. His questions to the Coventry councillor who does not believe in civil defence sounded inept in my ear. Possibly

the run-through had confronted him with invincible obstinacy, not unassailable reasoning force. I could believe it. As for his seeming concurrence in the view that if all of us follow the Coventry example intending aggressors will shrink from using the H-bomb, that was for me one of the week's switching-off points. Crawley, I decide, is a first-rate Mr. Interlocutor, not a good interviewer.

The Glyndebourne introductory programme, with Carl Ebert on film and Gerald Moore picking up the threads in the studio, was excellent of its kind, urbane, quiet, and civilised. It left one marvelling in silence at the perversity which rates the achievement of a leading jockey higher than that of a John Christie, in terms of formal recognition, that is, Carl Ebert's firmly phrased tribute made the anomaly seem, after all, of no importance.

'News and Newsreel' evidently will not improve because under its present auspices it cannot. Better return to 'Television Newsreel' with the adjunct of a straight news bulletin, as has more than once been suggested in this place. It is essentially the newsreel content that one remembers; for example, the recent interview with Ralph Izzard and Tom Stobart, back from the *Daily Mail* search for the Abominable Snowman. The B.B.C. news people have let us down. As Sam Weller said: 'Ain't nobody to be whopped for taking this 'ere liberty?'

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Groves o' Glyndebourne

SAYS *Radio Times*: "'Look out of the window" is what television says, in effect, on August Bank Holiday'. But does it? I should have thought it said: 'Stop staring out at that there rain and look at the expensive set your dad bought you—at the least there's sure to be a film recalling your early youth at the talkies with the girls all dressed like Mlle. Lenglen'. Some television films, the current Raft series, are awful, but at least one this week, a religious film, was socially significant—of which more later.



'Sculpture in Sugar', on July 27: detail, representing Glamis Castle, from a wedding cake

Meanwhile the sociological effect of the more imposing offerings, Shaw and Mozart and so on, seems worth comment. For how many of the Grove family was the trip to Glyndebourne a welcome outing? 'Mozart, eh, makes your teeth ache, don't it?' Considering what Gran Groves had been through on this Thursday it was wonderful that she was not more crotchety on the Friday. The latest Grove episode called 'Daphne to the Fore' was well up to form. Daph (Margaret Downs) certainly is a scream and a caution. For those whose appetite for *le style* Pertwee remained keen there was yet another play by Roland and Michael Pertwee the next night as well in which we moved not merely among comic chars, vamps, boobies, and refined spinsters called Miss Plim and such, but actually among Cabinet ministers. Some of it was rather silly, but might not have seemed so in the theatre. Aimée Delamain's performance was very funny, as well as those of Ursula Howells, David Stoll and William Mervyn.

But to revert to Mozart; not everyone has Granny Grove's view, which at least is healthy. Elsewhere Mozart is held in a superstitious reverence in this country which puzzles foreign observers. Nearly all other opera is regarded as trashy if not downright immoral, like Suppé's 'Boccaccio'. I did indeed know a French lady who objected to 'Don Giovanni' on the grounds that it was immoral, but the main rush of aunts and nieces to Glyndebourne is that of pilgrims approaching a shrine, with cries of 'Delightful, delightful!' And how right they are. Glyndebourne, which now admits Rossini, Stravinsky, and even the disgraceful Donizetti to the canon, is delightful indeed at its best. The television visit there is properly made much of and with 'Don Giovanni' on the bill expectation must have run high. I trust it was not disappointed: it seems to me wonderful that the public should get this thrown in for the price of the licence, but though it was a much better performance than the one I saw in the flesh, with the two principal weaknesses, *i.e.*, the singing of the Don and of Donna Anna, much improved, I am bound to say critically that not much was gained by seeing as well as hearing it. Ebert's production, like Piper's settings, is planned for this little auditorium, not for the television camera; and I really doubt if the Donna Anna of Margaret Harshaw, a born Brünnhilde and a big one, seemed more impressive the nearer we approached to her. Benno Kusche, a superb operatic artist and singing actor, naturally 'pro-



'Don Giovanni', on July 29: James Pease in the title role with Anny Schlemm as Zerlina

jects' in a style unsuited to close-up examination, and some of the Zerlina-Masetto billing and cooing becomes rather dreadful when thrust under the nose. All in all, I should guess the general verdict to be that opera is best heard and not seen: which is absurd.

On Sunday night Sonia Dresdel had a field day as Maugham's 'Mrs. Dot' and gave it what in circles less august than the Groves o' Glyndebourne would be called 'the works'. She acted with every eyelash, remarkable to watch but presenting in total effect perhaps too formidable an account of the resourceful Mrs. Worthley. There were exchanges in high style between her and Fabia Drake, quite Wildean in wit. And what period charm is here when a character, bankrupt in Mayfair, must 'go to America to rough it for a bit'. Pleasant production.

For me the most interesting event of the week was the American film called 'Honesty' which stood for the epilogue on Sunday night and preached a more pungent moral than Da Ponte, Shaw, Maugham, and Pertwee put together. This showed swiftly and clearly a short anecdote told us by 'Pop' who put aside his checkers (draughts) to explain about junior and his wife Anna, a blonde with a strong nose and an eye to the main chance. Her views on money and 'perks' were legalistic and we noted how when she lunched at the drug store she tried to get it on the house (poor show). No surprise then when, Tom having gotten killed, Anna kinda couldn't seem to see why they should pay back the loan to his widow, if she *was* his widow, this trim brunette who had just pulled into town and did so much packing and unpacking. But the problem was solved by a visit to the pastor, whom Anna and her husband both called Pasture to my surprise. Then, a visit to the widow smoothed things out, as she was going to have a baby, which certainly was one swell ending I guess. If anyone thinks it odd that sermons should be preached to us in terms of a Middle West Family Groves, he has, as Anna would say, another think coming right along. I hope we shall see many more of these films made by the Lutheran Church of America. They are interesting and they 'do good'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Chocolate and Pepper

'EVERYTHING'S GOT A MORAL if only you can find it', said that other Duchess. I don't know whether this occurred to the little milliner brought from Paris to a chateau in remoter Brittany; but, by the time she had been round the place for half an hour, she would have been glad to find anything, even a moral, that would make sense. She had strayed into the odd world of Jean Anouilh where all is askew as if viewed through flawed glass. Her play, 'Léocadia' (Third), unperformed over here until the Drama Department's life-saving feat on Sunday, is one of those *pièces roses* which only the addict can enjoy in full. At first it is beguiling enough. The dramatist, in Patricia Moyes' translation, has something of the butterfly-humour of an



'Misalliance', on July 27: (left to right) Mary Watson as Hypatia Tarleton; Olga Lindo as Mrs. Tarleton; Richard Leech as Johnny Tarleton; and Kenneth Williams as Bentley Summerhays



A scene from 'Mrs. Dot', on August 1: seated on the left is Sonia Dresdel as 'Mrs. Dot' (Mrs. Worthley), and, second from right, Fabia Drake as Lady Sellenger

early Milne comedy, with passages of mad invention that are near-Carroll. If there had been taxi-cabs in Wonderland, then one would certainly have been immobilised in a park, rabbits in its back seat and ivy climbing about the steering-wheel. ('Are you free?' asks the little milliner hopefully, and receives the reply: 'Free! Am I not a Frenchman?') After half an hour I began to feel as one does during a long walk provisioned only with chocolate-cream. I could have welcomed even a nibble of rancid cheese, a taste so familiar to us in the *pièces noires*.

Here Anouilh is showing how a young man has lived on the memory of his infatuation for a singer called Léocadia who nibbled orchids, who could look amiably demented, and who had strangled herself by accident while knotting her scarf with a flourish. The lover's aunt, carefully procuring the 'properties' of the three-days' romance, has had them erected in her park. Hence the presence of taxi, night-club, inn, and ice-cream cart in what is otherwise a normal estate. The little milliner Amanda (who has been brought down to act Léocadia because they look so much alike) and the glooming Albert duly meet. The tale palls, mainly because narrative and characters are not absorbing enough for us to care very much what happens. We continue to eat our chocolate-creams and to look forward to the next square meal. The comedy can amuse when it is irresponsible. There are lines one would not miss ('I simply cannot get my epochs right', says the Duchess as only Gladys Young can say it). But it is not at all an important piece; one had to look for one's pleasure to the production of Raymond Raikes (the most imaginative touch was the long, brushing whisper of Léocadia's name through the windy twilight); to the gentle determination of Dorothy Gordon; to Miss Young; and to the voice, like scrunched-up damp flannel, of Norman Shelley, an actor who can be relied on to gimble in any wabe. 'Léocadia', on radio, had as rich a chance as it could get: this is the kind of fantasy for which one likes to invent one's own *décor*.

I preferred 'Léocadia' to 'High Tension' (Home), a melodrama that resembled a mouthful of lukewarm curry. A vacuum-cleaner man met a bookmaker's red-haired wife somewhere near Manchester. Presently they were in a loft near Aylesbury, listening to the purr of the bookmaker's electric razor. Presently again they were in a shop not far from Exeter, about to clasp a high-tension cable. The melodramatist always remained on the splinter-edge of foolishness; but he had his producer (Archie Campbell) to offer a good range of sound effects, kisses, cock-crow, owls, electric razors, and so on, and that fine actress, Joan Miller, to persuade us entirely in half-a-minute's hysteria.

The Drama Department has still one foot in the firm clench of Henry VIII. How the monarch clings! He is like the ivy about Anouilh's taxi-cab. Last week he appeared again in 'A Man for All Seasons' (Home), which is less about him than about Sir Thomas More. Some of us have just met More in the theatre at a revival of the chronicle drama in which Shakespeare had a hand. That told us that More was a wise, generous man of integrity. The present author, R. O. Bolt, says the same thing, with Leon Quartermaine's old-vellum voice to aid. The best of the More plays is 'Traitor's Gate', but the new one has some quality in its rather stolid way: a thick, square meal in which, for once, we have none of Henry's wives. Abraham Sofaer has joined the Wolsey club; he had an exceptionally imperious ten minutes. Now, if the Drama Department will gather its strength for a great effort, it may wriggle out of the Tudor clutches. We shall be waiting to cheer it on the bank.

'Meet the Huggetts' (Light) survived better than usual, with a little tract on super-salesman-

ship, and a 'fall-out' between Mum and Dad. (All's well.) But I cannot say that 'The Happy Ending' (Home) ended the week happily. Ian Hay's very mild piece from a far-off life—one of the youth's birthday presents was 'from Cook, Jane, Tweeny, and Simmonds'—potted along, touching off gentle jokes, until the time came for its reprobate to make a noble gesture. He made it; but I hardly think the company did. It was an evening of high intentions and some embarrassment.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Winged Words

WHILE LISTENING to readings of unfamiliar poetry I often find myself misquoting Shakespeare. 'Their words fly up, my thoughts remain below', I mutter to myself. When we read, the word standing stationary in black and white, the backward glance, the pause for thought, enable us to get much, if not all, out of a first reading, but a first listening is sometimes little more than a harcing and a hounding after a receding prey from which, at best, we manage to pluck a mouthful or two of fur. This is not to be wondered at because when we listen to poetry we are listening to so much. It is not a matter of pursuing the mere sense: our wits are engaged simultaneously in catching the music, the rhythm, the reader's intonation, the form and, often, the rhyme—a very strenuous occupation—and unless the poem is fairly simple it is impossible at a first hearing to appreciate the whole in all its aspects. Perhaps it would be more profitable to concentrate on the sense alone, or one or two of the other constituents and 'let the lave go by me'. I remember mentioning a year or two ago a reading by Dylan Thomas of some of his own poems on an evening when reception here was so bad that most of the words were incomprehensible. If it had been a talk I would have switched off at once, but I found myself fascinated by the rhythm and intonation of his reading and I went on listening with much enjoyment.

When I have listened to Louis MacNeice's not yet published poem 'Autumn Sequel' reception has always been good, but I certainly have not heard everything all the time simply because all the time there was so much to hear. For instance, I notice that unless I concentrate my attention on the rhymes I am usually unconscious of the *terza rima* in which the poem is written, though I am doubtless indirectly aware of the special quality which this form always imposes. Marius Goring and Robert Irwin are both excellent readers and I have no doubt that my failure is due to my listening and not to their reading. I am seldom raised by broadcasts of contemporary poetry to that heat of enthusiasm which drives me to buy the book, but after this foretaste of 'Autumn Sequel' I shall get hold of the book and read at my own pace what I have half caught in a series of tantalising flashes. Part five, read last week, which included 'In Memoriam Dylan Thomas' and 'Funeral of Dylan Thomas', seemed to me poetry of a high order.

'Behind the News', which, I am glad to hear, is to become a fortnightly broadcast in September, is another somewhat tantalising programme, although of course not nearly to the same degree. Last Thursday a scientist, Dr. J. Bronowski; a theologian, Canon V. A. Demant; and an economist, Graham Hutton; with J. F. Wolfenden, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, in the chair, discussed the principles and issues involved in three items of recent news, to wit, 'The Problem of Old Age', 'Religion and Capitalism', and 'Our Attitude to the Far East'. All of them evoked vigorous and diverse

opinions. Canon Demant held the arresting view that capitalism and communism are equally antagonistic to religion, since both seek to increase man's desires, whereas religion teaches him to control them. Mr. Hutton launched the third question by asking what we are actually trying to do in the Far East and why we should try to do anything at all. The programme lasted half an hour and I found it both stimulating and tantalising—tantalising because it waxed so lively that the debaters kept breaking in on each other, with the result that what I got was often a series of detached ideas rather than a continuous thread. On the other hand, it would hardly have been possible, as they doubtless realised, to argue the questions thoroughly in the ten minutes allotted to each. It was tantalising too, when the chairman had to cut off each subject when the ideas were still flowing free, so as to leave time enough for the next. It was a very rewarding half hour and it left the mind working.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

English Music at the Proms

AFTER THE BALLYHOO of the opening night, which is in danger of becoming an organised 'rag' instead of a spontaneous expression of delight at the return of a popular festival and of affection for its chief organiser, the Proms have settled down into their stride. The programmes of the first week have shown more than usual range, especially in the direction of modern English music. Of the novelties, William Alwyn's Concerto for harp and strings, introduced on the first night, was in the agreeable, well-written, unadventurous style suitable to the occasion—far more suitable than the somewhat lugubrious Bassoon Concerto of Elizabeth Maconchy, which was played by Gwyndion Brooke on Friday. Mr. Brooke's instrument has been called 'the gentleman of the orchestra', though composers have often made it play the role of clown. Miss Maconchy allowed no touch of humour, not the remotest reference to what Tovey called 'the great bassoon joke', with the result that the Gentleman was in danger of becoming the Club Bore.

Bliss' 'Welcome Song' for the return of the Queen and her Consort last May was given its first public performance on Thursday. This work is much more alive than the two concertos mentioned above, being the issue not of a desire to pay a formal compliment, but of an imaginative response to the emotion evoked by contemplation of that arduous and inspiring voyage. It was given a splendid performance under Sir Malcolm Sargent's direction with Elsie Morison and Ian Wallace as the soloists. Britten's 'Spring Symphony', an excellent choice for the second part, was also well done, though some details lost their way to the microphone in the vast spaces of the Albert Hall—among them the icicle chords of the xylophone in the introduction, and the boys' voices, though not their earlier shrill whistling, in the hurly-burly of the finale. But what an uneven work it is, strokes of vivid imagination in the evocation of atmosphere alternating with passages of crabbed and ungrateful music! And isn't it time that someone—preferably the composer—deleted that stale piece of propaganda which lays the blame for our troubles on unhappy Poland? There are two more appropriate alternatives which will fit the music.

Among the other English works Rawsthorne's Second Pianoforte Concerto stood out as a most admirable composition—just music without ulterior thought. It does not pretend to be grand, but sets out to please with its euphony and excite with its virtuosity, whose demands were well met by Colin Horsley. Hearing it again, in the light

of the recent String Quartet, one can see in the Concerto, despite its abundant passages of forthright vigour, intimations of a desire to retire into a quiet world of whispered hints and half-spoken thoughts. But the composer should remember the fate of the hunter of the Snark; it would be a pity if his music 'softly and silently vanished away': There are moments, of course, when the listener likes that to happen, and one, so far as this listener was concerned, came earlier the same evening, when I felt unable to pursue a slick and flashy performance of Brahms' Violin Concerto beyond the cadenza of the first movement.

Two operas came at either end of the week, 'Der Freischütz' from Salzburg and Tchaikovsky's 'Mazeppa' (recorded) from the Maggio Musicale at Florence. The performance of Weber's opera was distinguished by the beauti-

fully sung Agatha of Elisabeth Grümmer and, though the horns hardly did themselves credit in the Overture, by the fine playing of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Furtwängler's tense beat. Neither Hans Hopf nor Kurt Böhme (*vice Frick*) did much to make the music of Max and Caspar fall agreeably on the ear, and, as at Edinburgh, Günther Rennert's production seemed to be designed to play down the melodrama. A further brake was applied to enjoyment of what was, after all, a good performance by the repetitive, polyglot announcements before and between the scenes. Is it really impossible to switch listeners here over to Salzburg after these lengthy effusions are finished, and to persuade the broadcasting authorities there to omit all that palaver between scenes on the ground that the information has already been given by our own announcers? Such an exas-

perating experience, at least, gives us a good opinion of the B.B.C.'s method of presentation, which is normally economical of time and concentrates on helping the listener without bothering him with what is *angeschlossen*.

'Mazeppa' replaced Puccini's 'The Girl of the Golden West', and aroused interest as an unknown opera by Tchaikovsky. That interest evaporated as the evening progressed, for there is nothing, save perhaps the scene for the imprisoned Kochubey, in it that comes near the standard of 'Onegin' or 'The Queen of Spades'. The orchestral description of the Battle of Poltava proved to be a wretched pot-pourri of Tchaikovskian odds and ends, including the type of grand march that occurs in the ballets, and quite without the excitement even of the '1812 Overture'.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Gasparo Spontini: a Neglected Opera Composer

By WINTON DEAN

'Agnes von Hohenstaufen' will be broadcast at 7.35 p.m. on Saturday, August 14 (Third)

THE half century that followed the outbreak of the French Revolution was among the richest periods of musical history, and the opera one of its favourite forms of artistic expression. Yet of the opera composers who flourished between Gluck and Mozart on the one hand and Verdi and Wagner on the other, only Rossini and Weber (and not much of them), together with 'Fidelio' and one or two works of Bellini and Donizetti, hold the stage today. Cherubini, Spontini and Meyerbeer, not to mention Méhul and Spohr, who enjoyed European reputations in their lifetime, have fallen into eclipse and left a gap in our experience of the more serious aspects of early romantic opera. There is doubtless more than one reason for this, but it is significant that these composers, who surpassed most of their predecessors in dramatic and orchestral resource, all lacked a strongly personal melodic gift. There is some truth in the popular view that opera, more than other musical forms, depends on tunes that can be carried home. Wagner is no exception: his 'endless melody' was called into existence by his inability to write memorable tunes that did end, and the result was not opera but a new form in its own right.

Gasparo Spontini was born in 1774 and trained at Naples, where he came under the influence of Piccinni. Like Meyerbeer, he accommodated his muse to three national traditions in turn, but in a different order. His early Italian period yielded fourteen operas which made little mark. In 1803 he went to Paris, where he stayed till 1820, working under Napoleon and the Bourbons and executing a smart about-turn at the change of regime. His last period, in Berlin from 1820 to 1842, was the longest but the least productive: its total was three German operas, as against seven French operas written for Paris. One of the first of these (1804) was 'Milton', a strange subject on the face of it, especially for a one-act *opéra-comique*, but one that fascinated Spontini throughout his life. For years during his Berlin period he meditated a full-length opera with the same hero, and he spent the summer of 1838 in England studying the historical background and assimilating local colour; but the work was never finished. The original choice may have had a political motive. Spontini enjoyed the protection of the Empress Josephine, and Napoleon himself, with his Spanish war in mind, took an interest in the production of 'Fernand Cortez' (1809). This was the second of Spontini's three important French operas. The first and most successful was

'La Vestale' (1807), whose subject, the clash between love and religious vows in the heart of a Vestal virgin, set a European fashion in opera plots that flourished for more than half a century. The last of the trio, 'Olympie' (1819), did not win favour until Spontini brought out a revised version in Berlin two years later; and then it had the misfortune to be eclipsed within a few weeks by the first production of 'Der Freischütz'. German writers are apt to contrast the warm *echt deutsch* quality of the latter with the cold and empty display of the Italian; but in fact the style of 'Olympie' is more French than Italian, and Spontini's influence is very apparent in Weber, as it is also in composers as different as Berlioz, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Verdi, and the Rossini of 'Guillaume Tell'.

When he settled in Paris, Spontini's style underwent a complete change. This was due in part to the influence of Gluck, and to a lesser degree of Mozart, which can be felt throughout his work; but a very important factor was the emotional climate of post-revolutionary France. Vast patriotic tableaux and military pageantry became a national artistic ideal; this, transmitted by Spontini and Lesueur, was the source both of the grand opera of Meyerbeer and the mammoth conceptions of Berlioz. 'Cortez' was the prototype of the spectacular political operas based on recent history (we can scarcely count Graun's 'Montezuma' on a scenario by Frederick the Great), and it is impossible not to connect the hero's exhortation of his troops to the conquest of the New World with Napoleon's current exploits in rolling up the map of Europe. Probably no opera before or since is so full of military marches: we seem to hear the tramp and jingle of the armies of Austerlitz and Jena. The stage spectacle must have been astonishing: in Act II Cortez puts on a display of naval gunnery to impress the Mexicans, and his entire army mutinies, led (in the original production) by a force of sixteen cavalry—the exact number that accompanied the historical invasion of Mexico. The big choral scenes, in which Mexicans and Spaniards are contrasted in a wide variety of dramatic situations, are full of splendid music, and the Mexican ballet in Act II has some interesting early experiments in exotic colour, a line that Spontini followed up in the German 'Nurmal' of 1822. Yet so loosely articulated is the libretto that when the opera was revised in 1817 the acts appeared in a different order.

'La Vestale' is less ambitious by comparison,

and might seem cold today. The hieratic mantle of Gluck hangs rather stiffly from Spontini's shoulders, especially in the first act. Comparison with 'Norma' is inevitable; 'La Vestale' is considerably stronger on the dramatic side, as well as in orchestration and harmonic colour, but lacks the elegiac beauty of Bellini's melody. Spontini is apt—and not only in this opera—to spoil the effect of an exciting modulation or some other dramatic stroke by a lapse into melodic platitude; and of course the more monumental the conception, the heavier the artistic fall. His choruses and ensembles, often built on a cumulative use of ostinato accompaniment figures (there is a good example in the finale of 'La Vestale'), have more vigour and character than his solo music. His operas are essentially dramas and not titbits for star-singers.

'Olympie', based on Voltaire's tragedy about the dynastic wars that followed the death of Alexander the Great, though not untouched by the debilitating influence of Spohr, is probably his masterpiece. The conflict is developed on the grandest scale, with a skilful use of dramatic suspense and some impressive scoring, notably for brass. The characters, especially Statyra, priestess and widow of Alexander, whose entry provokes an almost Wagnerian outburst from the orchestra, are more than life-size. Wagner may have taken a hint from the growing flexibility of the recitative and the linking of the set pieces without full cadences.

After 1821, Spontini's reputation declined with the palpable failure of his creative impulse. Already in Paris he had taken to tinkering with his own works, and he now found it increasingly hard to produce new ones. His last completed opera, 'Agnes von Hohenstaufen', appeared in 1829 after much study of German history, and was heavily revised in its turn. Although Spontini, dying in 1851, outlived many of the second generation of romantics, he is remembered as the leading composer of Napoleonic France. His love of strong accents and violent contrasts left its mark on his successors, and not only in opera: one of its superficial aspects is the constant appearance in his scores of directions like *Allegro prestissimo con furore* and *Allegro amoroso agitato*. Modern ears, however, are less conscious of these romantic gestures than of the classical temper of the music. He resembled Gluck in that his dramatic gifts tended to outrun his musical inspiration. Had he possessed a fraction of Gluck's melodic power, he might be more than an interesting historical figure today.

For the Housewife

Ideas for the Picnic Basket

By AMBROSE HEATH

MANY kinds of picnic food can be eaten quite pleasantly at home, if the worst comes to the worst. But before I discuss these, I would like to say a word or two about sandwiches, particularly meat ones.

I cannot stand the sort of sandwich, made with great slices of meat, which when you bite it behaves so that you either leave half the meat behind or have to gulp a large piece which has come out of the bread by accident. I cannot think why people do not mince their meat for sandwiches. If it is dry and crumbly, you can easily mix it with butter or margarine, or with something moist like the gravy or jelly under the dripping, to keep it together.

A little more imagination might be used here too: try a very little anchovy paste and some finely chopped olives with the beef, a little apple sauce with the pork. No one likes mutton sandwiches but if you add a few minced pickles or pickled onions they are not too bad. And that brisket of beef we have been hearing so much about is just the thing for a sandwich, especially if it has been cooked with parsley, thyme, a bay leaf, and plenty of black peppercorns. Even the sandwiches can be turned into snacks by the simple expedient of using toast instead of bread, leaving off the top slice, and decorating the spread with something like pickles, radishes, or a savoury butter.

But now for these other suggestions for a picnic which could be turned into a snack lunch at home if the weather is bad. I am all for little stuffed rolls myself, scooped out and filled with a meat and vegetable salad or with a flaked fish mixture—and with shrimps mixed

with a little thick sauce. It is better to crisp up the rolls first. Spread them lightly with butter or margarine—inside and out—after they have been scooped out, and bake until they are crisp. As long as the filling is bound with something moist they are quite easy to eat. Then there are stuffed eggs—so much nicer than plain hard-boiled eggs—with the halves put together again and wrapped up in lettuce leaves to keep them moist.

Those little cold, stuffed vegetable rolls called Dolma are another idea for something uncommon, eaten cold. They come from the Near East and should really be made with vine leaves but, if you cannot beg or buy these leaves, small lettuce leaves will do. All you have to do is to roll them up with some savoury rice bound with egg inside them, tie them neatly with a piece of cotton, and stew them in just enough stock to cover them. Untie them when they are cold, and you will not believe how delicious—and filling—they are until you have eaten them. But the rice must be savoury, and you could add a little chopped meat if you wanted something more substantial.

A blind listener wrote and asked me to tell people how good cooked lettuce is, an excellent idea for using up all those outside leaves, and even the leaves of the lettuces which are bolting. Cook it like spinach, in only the water clinging to the leaves after it has been washed. It takes a little longer than spinach, I find. When it is done, squeeze it as dry as you can, chop it finely, and stir over the heat until all the spare liquid has evaporated. Then mix in a little butter or margarine, sprinkle with about a tea-

spoonful of flour, moisten with milk and cream, and cook on till you have a smooth, creamy, almost sauce-like mixture: add salt and pepper, and, of course, nutmeg. Watercress can be cooked in the same way.—*Home Service*

Among the many subjects covered in the twenty chapters of a revised edition of *The A.B.C. of Cookery* (H.M. Stationery Office, 1s. 6d.) are shopping hints, the choice and care of cooking utensils, storing food, cooking terms and methods, and how to season food. Advice is given on the preparation and use of milk, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, poultry and game, vegetables and salads, batters, cakes and pastry, stocks, soups, sauces, and cereals.

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Crossword No. 1,266.

Cubes.

By Notlaw

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 12

A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H and J are prime numbers. W, X, Y and Z are integers of the form abc such that $100a + 10b + c = a^3 + b^3 + c^3$

R=reversed



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES—ACROSS

1. $A^3 \cdot B^3$
6. $C^3 \cdot (3C)^3$
- 8.R. $C^3 + D^3$
- 9.R. W
- 11.R. $(2E)^3$
 $C^3 - A^3 + D^3$
12. $(3C)^3 + (2A)^3 + E^3$
13. $(A^3)^3 - A^3 + D^3$
- 14.R. 2dn. rev.—17ac. rev.
15. X
- 17.R. $C^3 + C$
18. F^3
21. $(E^3 - E) \cdot Y \cdot Z$

DOWN

1. G^3
- 2.R. $(2A)^3 + C^3 - D^3$
3. Ends 6dn.
- 4.R. $(2A)^3 + C^3 - A^3$
5. H.W.X.
6. J^3

$$7. H^3 + (A \cdot C)^3$$

$$9.R. Y - C^3$$

$$10.R. Z$$

$$16. X + Y + D^3 - C^3$$

$$19. B$$

$$20.R. 11 \text{ ac. rev.}$$

Solution of No. 1,264

B	E	R	T	H	A	R	T	H	O	R	N
R	A	S	M	A	R	E	O	E	A	T	S
O	T	T	E	R	M	A	N	R	T	O	O
E	W	O	R	T	H	L	R	O	N	N	N
C	H	A	I	R	E	M	E	S	I	S	B
U	I	O	D	A	L	S	E	A	N	A	E
B	T	V	G	V	I	A	D	U	C	T	L
A	K	E	E	E	C	B	O	L	E	E	L
R	A	G	I	W	A	L	D	I	S	C	S
L	U	A	T	H	L	E	E	D	S	A	O
O	R	E	M	E	R	D	R	E	A	M	N
W	I	L	A	R	R	C	L	A	M	P	S

NOTES

Across. 1. Herbert, Gilbert; 3. Harte, Hardy; 13. Marvell, Marlowe; 16. Newman, Housman; 22. Brontë, Byron; 36. Shakespeare, Blake; 43. Waller, Walsh; 52. Moore, Patmore; 53. Meredith, Emerson; 55. Wilde, Wilmot; 56. Carruth, Carroll.

Down. 1. Brooke, Browning; 6. Milton, Breton; 9. Norton, Chesterton; 10. Stevenson, Jonson; 19. Whittier, Whitman; 20. Bridges, Coleridge; 29. Campbell, Belloc; 31. Hovey, Lovelace; 34. Barnes, Barham; 47. Campion, Campbell; 48. Johnson, Tennyson; 49. Lowell, Longfellow; 50. Wither, Herrick.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: A. S. Turnham (London, S.W.20); 2nd prize: D. J. Wade (London, E.11); 3rd prize: L. M. Hocking (London, S.E.3)

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